

# COUNTRY LIFE

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From a Painting by

THE HON. MRS. MORRISON-BELL.

Cecil Jameson.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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## WAR AND THE POULTRY INDUSTRY.

IN every possible direction the production of food has been stimulated by the war, but nowhere more actively than in the production of eggs and chickens. Naturally, the importation of eggs has been greatly interfered with. The Russians, from whom we have been obtaining increased supplies year by year, found the way blocked to them, and this applies more or less to all Eastern sources of supply. Even where the trade routes remain open the risks have had the effect of so diminishing the number of ships engaged that the supplies have been curtailed. There is no need to emphasise the fact that attention to poultry has been seriously interfered with in France and Belgium. Our own Board of Agriculture has recognised this recently by the issue of a very practical leaflet on the marketing of eggs. The only criticism we have to make on it is that so many people in this country still require to be instructed in producing eggs. The present crisis may very possibly bring the importance of the matter home. The Board of Agriculture recognises that the chief business of the home

producers ought to be that of supplying the markets with either new-laid eggs or those that very nearly come into that category. Especially is this so in winter. Year after year passes and everybody learns by experience how difficult it is to obtain new-laid English eggs in the months of December, January and February.

There seems to be a prejudice or prepossession in the minds of poultry keepers that the value of the egg is not sufficient to meet the expense. No doubt this is so in unskilful hands, and the fact is generally recognised, although usually accompanied with some sort of apologetic remark, such as "only here and there one has the 'knack' of managing laying poultry." We do not believe that much importance need be attached to this mysterious knack. No doubt anyone with a keen taste for working with chickens will excel, but experience has shown that the business of getting hens to lay is one that can be learned by anybody with only an average amount of intelligence. The essential things are simple enough. A chicken will not lay eggs unless she is comfortable, and comfort depends on one or two easily understood conditions. Protection from moisture is one of them. Barn door fowls dislike rain greatly, and it always pays to have a dry run for them and a perfectly dry roosting place for night. If a scratching shed is used—and no good poultry keeper is without one nowadays—it should be thoroughly protected from the rain and the material among which the chickens scratch for their food—chaff, straw, dead leaves, and the like—ought to be as dry as tinder. As long as it is so there is no danger, but the moment that moisture is permitted, bacteria begin to multiply with evil consequences to the health of the birds. The importance of feeding them well is generally understood, and yet, although there is a rough plenty at farm places where the egg production might be increased fourfold, the feeding is very seldom intelligent. To secure the desired result it should not only be good and regular, but varied. As a rule, there is plenty of hard food at a farm, but insufficient soft is given, though this, in some measure, is made up by the freedom with which the birds roam in the meadows and eat grass. What is chiefly the matter with the farmyard chicken is that it has not been bred in a way to develop its laying capacity. This is what poultry keepers mean when they say it is the strain that matters. Almost any breed can be developed into good laying birds if sufficient time and attention are devoted to them. The first point is to breed only from the best layers and to be very particular in excluding any cockerels that have not come from a laying strain. The best practice is to introduce a new cockerel each year so as to keep the blood fresh. For the rest, the pullets and hens must be trap-nested so that each bird has its record, and every new generation should be an improvement on that which went before. Cleanliness is a third essential. Anyone who knows the English farmstead is aware that it is customary to put the hens into a sort of shed and to keep them far too long in it. The consequence is that vermin abound to an enormous extent, and nothing is more irritating to the bird, which, of course, lays much less frequently. Perhaps the surest way of securing immunity from vermin is to hatch out the eggs in incubators, place the little chickens at the proper age out on a grass field and never let them be near any unclean bird or object. They can be started in an absolutely clean house, where they may remain to the end of their career, which is not a very long one under the modern system. If they are raised for the table this is an absolutely good method for keeping them clean, because up to the moment when they are ready for killing they need never be in a large house with other fowls. It is not either wise or practical to lay down hard and fast rules. Right feeding, protection from damp, and cleanliness are the A B C of the art. Anyone who can attain them will either fatten chickens or produce eggs for the market with the best results and, as things go at present, at an excellent profit. Poultry keepers at the present moment have such an opportunity as they never enjoyed before.

## OUR FRONTISPIECE.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of The Hon. Mrs. Morrison-Bell, wife of Major Arthur Clive Morrison-Bell, M.P., and youngest sister of Viscount Powerscourt.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

# COUNTRY



## • NOTES •

SIR EDWARD GREY'S reply to the American Note is more than courteous. It is frank, cordial and sincere. But the facts and arguments brought forward in it are overwhelming. If we were to permit all kinds of goods to be shipped without examination from America to neutral countries, however loyal the Governments of the latter might be, our command of the sea would be reduced to a farce and we could not obtain such an advantage from our position as was taken against the Southern States in the last American War. The increase in American trade must have been tremendous since the beginning of the war. In 1913 the export of copper to Italy alone was just a little over 15,000,000lb.; in 1914 it had increased to over 36,000,000lb. The increase and the export to other countries was very nearly five times what it has been. The total exports from New York for Denmark went up from 500,000 (the comparison is made in dollars) to over 7,000,000; to Sweden from 377,000 to 2,800,000; to Norway from 477,000 to 2,318,000. It would be a great deal to assume that all the copper and general export was meant for consumption in the countries to which it was consigned.

It is highly satisfactory to learn that Americans have received Sir Edward Grey's reply in the spirit in which it was made. They recognise that it would be a mockery for us to maintain a fleet unless we can utilise it for the purpose of controlling the supplies of foodstuffs and ammunition material to our enemies. Sir Edward makes it very plain that we are willing to show every consideration for American commerce and are resolved not to interfere with it except when its connection with contraband of war is indubitable. The average American citizen, as a matter of fact, feels exactly as we do in this respect, and understands that the Government at Washington would do precisely the same as that at London if placed in similar circumstances. The President's note was a concession to the copper magnates, many of whom are either Germans or have a strong German connection.

Sir William Schlich, in the *Quarterly Journal of Forestry*, makes a strenuous appeal for action on the part of the Government. His complaint is that time is utterly wasted by commissions and committees appointed to investigate questions of forestry. Commissions only suggest the formation of new demonstration areas and schools of forestry, which are not sufficient for the crisis in which the country is placed. Sir William also protests against the waste of time involved in "the attempts at producing fresh species or new varieties of timber trees." Some people seem to think that in this lies the hope of salvation for English forestry, but the most probable effect of such theories is that they will postpone action for a generation. Sir William Schlich wants the Board of Agriculture to begin at once with the establishment of one of the five areas of 5,000 acres each of new forests, which were recommended by the last Forestry Committee. He says this would do more good than all the demonstration areas ever suggested for England and Scotland.

Sir William Schlich's plan is well thought out and reasonable. He considers that there is plenty of surplus land available now yielding a revenue of, perhaps, a shilling an acre all round. He is against taking a single acre out of cultivation, because the production of food comes before everything else, but his point is that there are long stretches of land unfit for cultivation, yet good enough to produce forest crops. He does not want great blocks of woodland all in a ringed fence, as it were, but moderate sized areas scattered over the country. The area should be sufficiently large to justify placing a woodman in charge and obtaining systematic management, but that is all. He considers that the minimum might be fixed at 500 acres. Agricultural labourers and tenants of small holdings would in due time come forward and do work in the winter months when agricultural labour is suspended. But it is very obvious that unless land is actually planted and the forest set going, progress of a practical kind cannot be made.

At the conclusion of one of his most interesting communications, "Eye-Witness" makes a note that has more than a merely passing importance. It marks an important change in the methods of warfare. After pointing out that for the last hundred years artillery has been employed more for the purpose of creating a moral effect than to achieve any great material result, he says "it has been reserved for this war to prove that it is the chief agent in destroying the enemy's power of resistance." In great measure this is due to the efficiency of air work. From the aviator it is almost impossible to conceal the position of the trenches, and when once their position is notified and their exact range obtained, "it is not long before whole lengths of trenches will be blown in and entanglements and trous-de-loup and every form of obstacle swept away." In these circumstances it is good to know that the artillery of the Allies is gradually assuming a superiority over the Germans. But if the war is to be brought to a definite and prompt conclusion, the word "gradually" will have to be changed to "rapidly." In other words the most important requisite on the fields of battle is vastly increased gun power; an increase both in number and weight.

### ULTIMA THULE.

Beyond this storm-tossed sea,  
These fretted skies,  
Far from all griefs that be  
The harbour lies :  
Hushed is the wind there,  
Friendly and kind there ;  
Shall we not find there  
Earth's paradise ?

ANGELA GORDON.

The Board of Agriculture has printed a very clear summary of the agricultural conditions under which we enter the New Year. It derives greater importance from the fact that the increased price of food stuffs is now being felt. Great Britain is in a better position in this respect than any of her Allies, but even in her case a great war cannot but influence adversely the cost of living. In any case, prices might have been expected to go up this year. The harvest was fairly good, but the prolonged rain in December has not improved the prospects for that of 1915. The winter wheat was strong and flourishing in the West before the rain came; in the eastern half of England the plant is not so good. The supply of feeding stuffs cannot be called satisfactory. Last year produced only a small yield of hay and seeds, and turnips were small and only of fair quality. At present the condition of ewes is satisfactory and early lambing Dorset Horns have produced a good crop of lambs. But the wet weather is against them, although the sheep generally have stood it much better than might have been expected—thanks probably to the mildness of the season. We have been threatened with frosts and snowstorms, but fortunately they have not lasted long.

A very great difficulty in the country districts is the shortness of the labour supply. In one sense it is very satisfactory to find that the outbreak of war has not led to much unemployment, but, on the other hand, it is plain that steps must be taken to get the work done, and well done, if the crops are to be successfully cultivated and harvested during the course of the year. It is worth considering whether women could not be more widely employed in field work. At one time they used to go out much more than



they do to-day. From the southern farms they have practically disappeared, but in the North women agricultural workers still exist in great numbers, and are a fine sturdy class, who can perform all but the heaviest agricultural tasks as efficiently as the men. Hitherto the deficiency has not been much felt, because December and January are the slackest times on a farm, and, at any rate, the condition of the fields has been such as to bring work on the land to a standstill. In a little while, however, the sowing season will be with us, and there will be need of every possible help on the farms.

In the *Great Eastern Railway Magazine* for this month there is an article which shows what an extraordinary advantage Germany possesses over other European countries in the matter of railways. They are, of course, essentially strategic in character and were originally laid down, not as ours were for the convenience of commerce, but for military use. In comparing Belgium, France, Russia, Germany and Austria-Hungary, it is seen that Germany has six miles of territory for every railway mile, whereas in Russia there is only one railway mile to two hundred and thirty-four square miles of territory. But it is in their distribution even more than in their quantity that Germany possesses an advantage. Main lines run from the eastern to the western frontier almost direct, especially in the north. A cordon of lines runs along the French and Belgian frontiers and the facilities up and down the Polish frontier are nearly as great. Most likely a preponderating reason for the seizure of Luxemburg was that it gave a straight, good line from Verviers to Metz, with connections on the Rhine. These are only a few of the salient facts picked out of an article that helps very greatly to an understanding of the military operations.

M. Verhaeren, the illustrious Belgian poet, who is at present an exile from his native land, and a welcome guest in London, discoursed the other day to an interviewer on what he called "*L'esprit Belgique*." He spoke chiefly of literature and did so well and wisely, but in these times of action the evidence may be sought in life. The Belgian spirit is one of utter fearlessness, the fearlessness of King Albert "who reverenc'd his conscience as his King," of General Leman, who, on recovering consciousness after being involved in the ruins of his fort, called upon those present to witness that he had not surrendered. But bravery is not confined to soldiers. It was exemplified by the Burgomasters of Brussels, Liège, Antwerp and other captured towns, with a dignity and sense of uprightness worthy of those who fill the shoes once worn by the great Flemish magistrates of the Middle Ages. Germans may blackmail and bully and tyrannise, but in them they have to deal with men who have inherited the unconquerable spirit of their ancestors.

Most vividly was this (and much else) brought out in the conflict not yet ended between Cardinal Mercier and the German authorities. The Archbishop of Malines is known throughout the civilised world for the greatness of his learning and the sweetness of his disposition. At Christmas he sent out a pastoral letter which contained grave and serious advice in keeping with the situation of the country. It was a frank and loyal message—loyal even to the Germans, although they were too obtuse to see it. Cardinal Mercier enjoined his countrymen to cherish their national ideal and reserve their obedience for King Albert, but also to observe the conditions of their surrender. There was not a syllable to encourage individual rebellion or outrage. But what maddened the Germans was the serene confidence of the saint and scholar that Belgium would come to her own again, and the conclusive way in which he showed that the so-called culture of modern Germany was merely a recrudescence of Hunnish barbarism which the Gospel of Peace conquered in the Middle Ages and will conquer again. No crime in Germany is more serious than that of expressing a deep conviction which happens to be antagonistic to the Kaiser. The Cardinal was imprisoned in his palace and an attempt made to suppress the message, which, however, was promptly translated, and the advertisement spread it over the neutral countries with a swiftness never attained by the most plausible German lie.

Although admitting the necessity of suspending the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race this year, it is impossible to hear of it without regret. Since the Inter-University contest was founded in 1856 the race has never suffered interruption, but it has been decided not to hold it in 1915.

We cannot wonder at it. The Universities have shown a spirit of vigorous patriotism, and a large number of students have laid aside their books for the time being and are now under uniform. It is a matter of pride that they should have set so excellent an example, and while they are away it seems on the whole better to forego the pleasure of holding the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race. At any rate, we may assume that many who would in the natural course of things have formed part of one of the rival crews are engaged in a far more serious struggle. When the war is over they will return to the old manly pastimes with greater zest than before.

A useful leaflet has been issued to show "some ways in which British servants can help Britain." We are sure that those engaged in the humblest domestic duties will be very glad to learn in what way they can help their country. No class has shown itself more interested, and, indeed, there are few who have not brothers, lovers or friends at the front. They can help most in the matter of economy. Heads of households have already been compelled in many cases to cut down their expenditure considerably, and it may be that the process will have to be carried a great deal further. In these cases it will be best to take servants into confidence. If told clearly and frankly the why and the wherefore of reductions that at first glance may seem to them to partake of the vice which they detest most, namely, meanness, they will loyally reciprocate. It is by united action, not only between armies and Allies, but between different classes of the community, that victory will eventually be achieved. Most people will be clearly of this opinion, though behind it there must be an unavoidable feeling of regret.

#### MY GARDEN OF HOPE.

("It is the time of seed catalogues. They are heaped beside my elbow as I write. Are the seed growers a little 'previous' this year, or is it that we, somehow, are not quite ready for them?")

You have brought me a touch of the Spring  
When dull hearts for its freshness are aching :  
There's a fragrance wrapped up in your leaves  
And a sigh from the season that's waking :  
In a stamped, sealed and signed envelope,  
You have brought me my Garden of Hope.

Here's a border of pansies and pinks,  
There's a bunch of sweet peas for the picking :  
A lavish reward for slight cares  
Of sowing, transplanting and sticking !  
There are larkspurs and lupines galore,  
And gilliflowers . . . close at my door.

You have brought me a touch of delight,  
Just when hearts for its promise are pining :  
With catalogues heaped at my side  
Plots, borders and beds I'm designing :  
It's fine for the Springtime to wait,  
With *your* hand on the latch of *her* gate !

ELIZABETH KIRK.

Mr. Lawrence Weaver, who is engaged in writing a book on "*Memorials and Monuments*," raises an interesting question in our Correspondence pages this week. It would be a fascinating task to try and formulate an opinion as to the best epitaphs. Of course, the natural inclination is to go back to the Greek Anthology, though the Greek Anthology is, as a matter of fact, a bad model for the Christian. The writers were Pagan and to them death was the very gloomy end of all things.

Straight is the way to Acheron  
writes one, and he bids his friends

Weep not, far off from home to die ;  
The wind doth blow in every sky,  
That wafts us to that doleful sea.

This is bitter, but not so bitter as :

Dion of Tarsus, here I lie, who sixty years have seen.  
I was not ever wed, and would my father had not been.

This is the note of the Pagan inscription. It was put into unforgettable words by Julian of Egypt :

Oft have I sung—now from the tomb I cry—  
Drink ere enveloped in this dust you lie.

In a similarly stern way did the Roman soldier regard man's last enemy, and it was not till Christianity had endured for two or three centuries that bitterness and dread were replaced by Faith and Hope.



## ON SHORT LEAVE FROM THE FRONT.

**T**HERE has been a kind of grim irony about all the circumstances of sport this winter. It has so happened that in this year, when so little shooting has been possible, all kinds of game have been remarkably flourishing and plentiful. It is not only that there was a good stock reared, but all has gone well with it ever since its nursery days. At a time when some dearth of provisions seemed threatened—that is to say at the beginning of the war, when conditions were uncertain—some people had all their pheasants caught up



THE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON.

and killed in order to save the corn that the birds would have eaten had they lived. But perhaps those were somewhat wiser who continued to preserve their pheasants on a corn bill kept down to its lowest possible point, and they have been assisted by a singularly prolific autumn in all the wild fruits and berries, so that the pheasants have been better able than usual to pick up their own living. They have lived fatly, and as there have been few to shoot them they must have been congratulating



LORD DOUGLAS COMPTON.

themselves on a year more pleasant and more peaceful than ever had fallen to their lot before, when certain circumstances in France and Belgium permitted of the return from the fighting front of numbers of eager young sportsmen, mercifully unscathed, or at worst not so badly wounded but that they could sit at the end of a covert and shoot birds driven over them, and in a moment all life was altered for the pheasants; they found themselves at the time of the New Year encountering that fate which they fondly thought to have escaped for ever, because it is usually a good many weeks earlier that it overtakes them. It is thus that Lord Northampton, in the course of a short leave of four days from the front, was able to give one of them to the business of bringing some of his pheasants at Castle Ashby into the firing line—"Just to keep his hand in for the Germans," as

the head keeper phrased it. But, as a matter of fact, we hear it said by all the soldiers who have come back and have been able to take a day or two's covert shooting, that the war seems to have had a disastrous effect on their marksmanship. They are disposed to attribute it to a little natural "jumpiness" of the nerves after listening to the shells screeching and bursting



W. G. Meredith.

MR. E. COMPTON.

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around them for so many days ; but perhaps the explanation rather is that they are out of practice with the shot gun, and that they come to pheasants which are very well grown and strong of flight. In a normal year the shooting commences with birds that have not yet found their full powers, or grown their strong feathers, and by their practice on them the guns are gradually and imperceptibly educated up to dealing with the survivors when they have arrived at their best wing powers. This year, exceptionally, the guns come short of practice, and thus not at their best, to the shooting of birds which are at their very best. It is easy to understand that they would not be able to give a very good account of themselves.

The guns at the shoot here illustrated are just a small family party—Lord Northampton himself, Lord Spencer Compton and Lord



WELL RETRIEVED.



DICK.

though it is to be noted that some of the older shooters in the neighbourhood of their own homes have found invitations coming to them with a liberality which has recalled to them the days of their shooting zenith, when they had not yet "dropped out of the running," as they are apt to say, rather pathetically. Those who are of the age to be "in the full running" have been called away on active service to very much more strenuous business, and it has been the opportunity of the older ones, who were feeling themselves a little left behind in the race. Yet even they have been able to enjoy their sport only in a half-hearted fashion, with a sentiment of something rather like shame in regard to it. They have a feeling that it is not right that they should be at their pleasures while others are at such grim work. It is a creditable, but at the same

Douglas Compton, with Lady Loch as spectator—and it is a gathering rather typical of the kind that has been seen at the comparatively few and small shoots of this season. This has been no time for big shooting gatherings and festive house parties,

time an irrational, sentiment, for the best thing that those can do whose years or circumstances of health or other necessity prevent them from active service, is to pursue the normal course of their lives, throwing the wheels no further out of gear than they are already and causing no needless unemployment. Pheasants, moreover, are a valuable article of food, and the shooters may solace their consciences by sending the bag as a gift to the hospitals, the Fleet, or even to the Armies at the front. We see these young officers, when they return to their fighting, after the brief holiday which has been given them while the mud of Flanders makes the active use of cavalry a sheer impossibility, taking with them a couple or more brace of pheasants to mitigate the monotony of "bully beef." Not, to be sure, that they claim any compassion from us on the score of their commissariat, of which they all speak with the highest praise. But in any case it is surely not to be expected of those who have come home for this short respite that they should feel any misgivings about the enjoyment of sport or of any other relaxation which they may find. Most devoutly must we all wish for them that they may be able to forget for a while all the horror, though it is more than likely that some of that indifferent shooting which they deplore is to be attributed to a difficulty in giving full attention to the sport immediately on hand,



W. G. Meredith.

A HIGH ONE FOR LORD SPENCER COMPTON.

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while subconsciously they can hardly fail to be pre-occupied with all that they have lately passed through and taken part in. In connection with the suggestion of sending game out to give variety to the table of those at the front, it may be well to say that there is no obstacle

and during the first week, at all events, of January. The water-logged pheasant gives no very glorious shot, and it is a further disadvantage that his body does not keep fresh when packed up in this condition. It is of little use sending birds abroad if their plumage is all sodden when they are killed. It is a point to which particular notice should be paid, both by those who pack dead game in any quantity to go abroad and also by those who are taking a brace or two with them after their "Short Leave from the Front."



LAYING OUT THE BIRDS.

to its transport if the necessary precautions are taken and regulations observed. We hear of people being discouraged from this kind of bounty by the experience of despatching birds by post to France and finding them returned on their hands, or failing to reach their destination, because it is a rule of the French Post Office not to accept game going through as a parcel. But once a week at least, if application be made to the Admiralty, game can be sent out to the hospitals, and is delivered without undue delay. In these days of changing regulations kindly people may be glad to know of this concession.

The person who has been least of all kindly to all recent shooting operations, whether "of Germans," according to

Joffre is not unlike that between Paul Morphy and Lasker. What is called in warfare nibbling is in chess the "accumulation of small advantages." The "sweeping Napoleonic stroke" is obsolete alike in the game and the reality. Eduard Lasker's motto might have been "Time is of the essence of the contract." Thus he insists upon the enormity of a superfluous move, and he makes his point good by showing positions in which the material on each side is so equally balanced for the end that at the first blush a draw seems inevitable. A closer examination shows that waste of time at the beginning has retarded development, and the antagonist who has been most economic of his moves comes out at the end of the game with a positional advantage enabling him to win. An excellent illustration is that shown in Diagram 80. Each player has a queen, two rooks and seven pawns, and all the difference between them lies in a slightly inferior development on Black's queen's side. A less accomplished player than Charousek, the brilliant young Frenchman "who perished in his pride," might not be able to hit on the right continuation in a match game, but he did so and demonstrated that Black had no adequate response to the best play. When the game is simplified by changing off queen and one rook, it is plain that Black has no way out. In substance and even in form the maxims of warfare are those of chess. The words mobile and mobilisation occur with great frequency in this volume. Where Staunton went carefully through all the openings, the author confines himself to an exposition of the principle of opening, which is to secure rapid development and get each piece into effective mobility so that you may take the offensive speedily and effectively. Undue risks are not taken by the modern school. Evans' Gambit is not alluded to in the volume and, indeed, is never played in serious chess nowadays. Yet out of it came the most brilliant games of Morphy, Bird, Blackburne and players of their school. Of the still more celebrated King's Gambit, the author says, "All things considered, the student should in my opinion decline the gambit, as in doing so he can get an easy and satisfactory development." But this is advice more for the professional than for the amateur. More amusement is always to be got by accepting these gambits if the players are actuated only by love of the game, as they lead to the most charming and difficult positions. The remark is insinuated with some trepidation, for it is bound to be thought most frivolous by one who takes chess so seriously as Mr. Lasker. His book, however, is none the worse for this earnestness. Those who play chess as an intellectual exercise will find in his chapters on the opening, the middle and the end game much to stimulate and improve. A very fine selection of games has been made for annotation. Several are from the Petrograd meeting of 1914.



W. G. Meredith.

LOADING UP.

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the keeper's grim joke, or of pheasants, is the Clerk of the Weather. The pheasant, as a riverside bird originally, has not any marked objection to moist places, but even he is handicapped in his flight by water-logged feathers, and that has been his constant state throughout December

## MIMIC . . . WARFARE.

A CLOSE study of the excellent work, "Chess Strategy," by Eduard Lasker, translated by J. du Mont (Bell and Sons), cannot fail to improve the play of even a strong amateur. In plan it differs essentially from Staunton's Handbook, which, as far as method and arrangement go, remains the most perfect of English chess books. That it has gone out of fashion is due to the progress made in the game. Staunton's teaching chapters remain models of clear exposition, and his analysis of the openings continued for several generations to be the best survey of chess strategy. But great changes were taking place when Steinitz was champion and Zukertort in his prime. These bear a curious resemblance to those that have affected military tactics, and the difference between Napoleon and

for it is bound to be thought most frivolous by one who takes chess so seriously as Mr. Lasker. His book, however, is none the worse for this earnestness. Those who play chess as an intellectual exercise will find in his chapters on the opening, the middle and the end game much to stimulate and improve. A very fine selection of games has been made for annotation. Several are from the Petrograd meeting of 1914.



## IN THE GARDEN.

### MIDWINTER FLOWERS.

WHEN the shortest day comes and the last Chrysanthemums are a battered wreck, it is still possible to have some colour and fragrance in English gardens. For this we have to thank chiefly the Algerian Iris (*Iris stylosa*) and the Winter Sweet (*Chimonanthus fragrans*). Both these precious plants require some patience. I planted the Iris, where the books said it should be planted, close up to the south wall of a house; and there it lived for years, but never flowered. Being nearly under the eaves, it got little moisture, and seemed to dwindle; so it was then moved a little outwards. This improved the leaf, but still no flower came. At last, on a memorable Sunday in March, something blue was seen in the green leaves, and examination revealed a single flower and a crowd of fat buds. The plant bloomed profusely, and has never failed to do so since. The large lavender blossom is exquisitely formed and deliciously sweet. Each bud should be cut for the house before it opens, as they are very fragile and soon destroyed by wind and rain; they are also apt to be devoured by slugs. The time of flowering is variable. For several years the Iris flowered with me at the beginning of March; and, as other gardeners in the same place had it out in December, I supposed that there were different varieties which differed in habit. But this winter, without any abnormal weather, the same plants began to flower on November 5th, and continue to, though the development of the buds is very slow in cold weather. The plant appears to do as well in an unprotected border as close up to a wall. Its appearance is much improved by clearing away all its dead leaves. How far north it will grow, I do not know. I never saw it in Scotland, but it does very well here, fifty miles north of London. The Winter Sweet is a shrub which grows with me against the south wall of the house; but I have seen it flourishing just as well at the edge of a shrubbery. It has a bad name for failing to bloom, and five or six years passed before my plant grew anything but leaves. But, once it had begun, it flowered every winter without fail. When the long pointed leaves fall in November, the round yellow buds are seen on the bare twigs, and some will open by Christmas in ordinary seasons. The flower is yellow with a brown centre; and a few twigs, or even flowers floating on water, will scent a whole room. Pruning must be done with care, or the knife will remove the twigs which carry the precious buds. D.

### THE WINTER HELIOTROPE.

Of the few native plants that flower during the dull days of winter, it would be difficult to find any that is more appreciated than the so-called Winter Heliotrope (*Petasites fragrans*). It is not a common British plant, but it used to be found in quantity by the Thames side between Richmond and Kew, where at high tides the plants were submerged. It is much appreciated in gardens on account of its fragrance, which is very similar to that of Cherry Pie (*Heliotropium peruvianum*). For this feature it is often grown in the conservatory, where just a few plants are sufficient to produce all the fragrance that is necessary. If

grown in the open border, as is sometimes done, steps must be taken to prevent it becoming a nuisance, on account of the rambling nature of its rootstock. A good plan is to place the roots in a large pot or pan and bury this to its rim in the soil. For the conservatory it is only necessary to place the roots in pots filled with sandy soil and to keep these indoors during the flowering period, plunging them in ashes outside for the rest of the year. It was at one time known to botanists as *Tussilago fragrans*, a name that is still retained in some works of reference.

### A BEAUTIFUL NEW FRAGRANT FLOWERING SHRUB.

When first shown before the Royal Horticultural Society in April, 1908, the Guelder Rose illustrated on this page and

named *Viburnum Carlesii* created quite a sensation. Since then it has proved to be one of the most valuable additions to our hardy flowering shrubs, and is highly appreciated in those gardens where it has been successfully planted. The flowers are white, often flushed with pink, reminding one of that beautiful winter flowering greenhouse plant *Luculia gratissima*, both in appearance and fragrance, for this Guelder Rose emits a deliciously sweet perfume, a charm that is seldom found



VIBURNUM CARLESII, A NEW HARDY GUELDER ROSE FROM CHINA.

in the flowers of hardy shrubs. This newcomer is a native of China, and when first seen doubts were expressed as to its hardiness, but since then plants have successfully withstood 25deg. of frost, so that it may safely be included among hardy kinds. Apart from thorough drainage it will thrive in almost any good garden soil, though several who have grown it successfully consider that it does best when some sharp sand and leaf-soil are added.

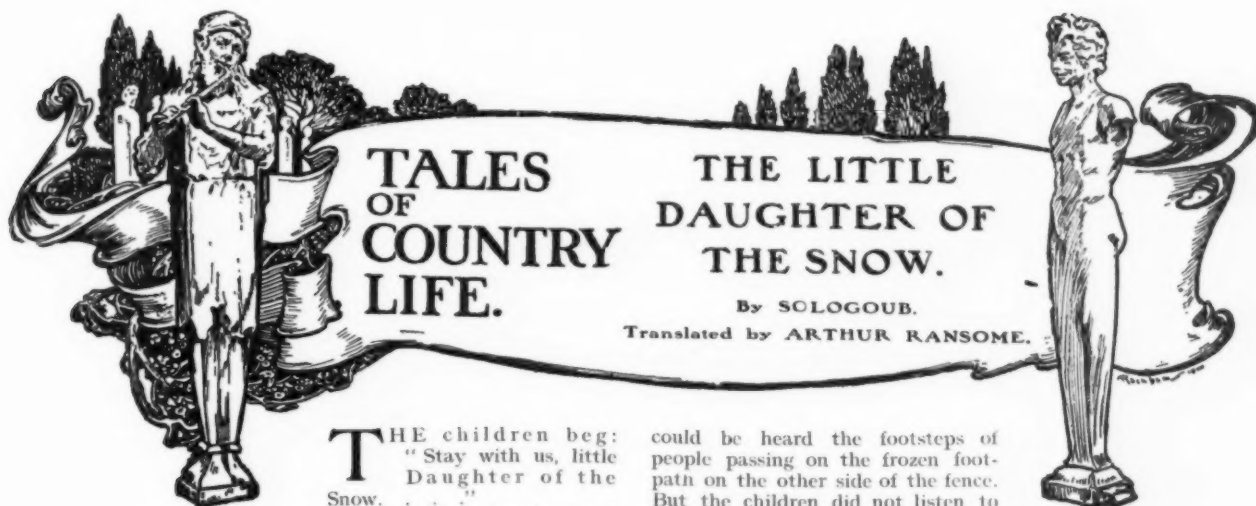
It may be planted at any time from November to March inclusive, though one would select for preference November or February. While writing of Guelder Roses it may be useful to mention the evergreen kind known in most gardens as *Laurustinus*, but now classed by botanists as *Viburnum Tinus*. Although often regarded as a common shrub, it is one of the best for winter flowering, its clusters of dainty white and cinnamon flowers being produced in abundance from November onwards until March. If left undisturbed it makes a bush or small tree nearly twenty feet high, and is perfectly hardy in all the Southern Counties. Owing to its evergreen character it ought not to be planted until the end of March or early in April; if moved during the winter months and cold weather is experienced shortly afterwards, it is almost certain to succumb. A variety named *lucidum* has larger leaves and flowers than the species, and in the Southern and Eastern Counties makes a noble shrub; in colder districts, however, it is not quite hardy. F. W. H.



E. J. Wallis

THE WINTER HELIOTROPE (*PETASITES FRAGRANS*), A NATIVE WINTER FLOWERING PLANT WITH FRAGRANT BLOSSOMS.

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## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF THE SNOW.

By SOLOGOUB.

Translated by ARTHUR RANSOME.

THE children beg:  
"Stay with us, little  
Daughter of the  
Snow."

Says the Snow's little

daughter: "Very well. I will stay with you."

She stays with them. She melts.

The children ask: "Little Daughter of the Snow, are you melting?"

The Snow's little daughter replies: "I am melting."

The children weep: "Sweet one, only a little time you have stayed with us . . . what is the matter?"

Quietly the Snow's little daughter says: "You called me. I came. And I am dying."

The children weep.

Says the good one: "And now there is no little Daughter of the Snow! Only tears."

The bad one says: "A puddle on the floor. . . . There never was a little snow girl at all."

And one who knows tells us: "The Snow's little daughter melts at our fireside, under the warm roof of our home. But there, on the high hill, where blows only the clean, cold breath of freedom, she lives, snow white."

The children beg: "Let us go to her, there, on the high hill."

The mother smiles and weeps.

### II.

Once more, once more, we were children.

We looked forward to Christmas trees, holidays, joy, presents, snow, candles, skates, toboggans. We waited with glittering eyes. We waited. There were two of us, a boy and a girl. The boy was called Shourka and the little girl Nyurka. Shourka and Nyurka were both small, pretty, rosy, always happy—always, that is, except when they cried, and they did not cry often, only when it was very necessary to cry. They were the joy of their mother. Although their mother was called simply Anna Ivanovna, and was fenciful and tender-hearted, she was, by conviction, a feminist. She believed, gently and firmly, that women were no worse fitted than men to go to the University and to do every kind of work.

Anna Ivanovna did not care to consort with women without ideas. Her feminist friends counted her clever, her other friends, *bourgeoise*, looked on her as a sad little fool. But all alike were fond of her. Her husband, Nikolai Alexievitch Koushalkov, was a schoolmaster. Very precise. He only believed in what he knew and saw. He paid no attention to anything else. He counted himself benevolent, because he never spied on any of his colleagues. He played Vint (a kind of whist) excellently. His pupils were rather afraid of Nikolai Alexievitch, because he was uncommonly systematic and regular. For this reason, although he taught the Russian language, the scholars called him Mein Herr, while they called the German master simply The German.

The Christmas holidays were close at hand. The days were days of ice and snow. Shourchka and Nyurotchka (these are affectionate diminutives of the names Shourka and Nyurka) were running about in the garden round their house, on the outskirts of the big town. The paths were cleared, but there, where in summer were grass and shrubs, the snow lay deep. The mother, from the window of the drawing-room, could sometimes see only the little red woolly hats of the children beyond the deep snow. She looked at the children, smiled, admired their ruddy faces, listened to their loud bursts of laughter, and thought with tenderness and joy: "What beautiful, charming children I have!"

The sun, the red sun of a fine winter's day, shone brightly and cheerfully, rejoicing in its short triumph. It had not risen high—and would rise no higher—it hung near earth and mankind and seemed affectionate, kind and light hearted. Its rosy smiles lay, quiet, not too joyful, on the snowy ground, on the snow-furred twigs, on the roofs covered with soft snow. And so it seemed that all the snow was smiling and rejoicing. And from the roof, comical frozen icicles hung rosy in the sunlight. This fantastic world of childish play, the little garden, was shut in from the street by a low, wooden fence. From time to time

could be heard the footsteps of people passing on the frozen foot-path on the other side of the fence. But the children did not listen to them. They had their play. They were warm. Hot blood warmed their bodies, and mother had dressed them carefully—little coats edged with fur, little fur mittens, fur boots, and caps of fur, soft as down. They ran about for a long time, crying out like little sand-martins. But there is no fun in simply running about. Play!

They thought out a game.

### III.

First they threw snowballs at each other, but not for long. Then, suddenly, Nyurotchka said: "Do you know what, Shourka? Do you know what we'll do?"

Shourchka asked: "Well, what?"

"We'll make a little snow girl," said Nyurka, "out of snow. We'll roll up the snow and make her."

Shourchka asked: "A snow woman?"

"No, no. What would be the use of a woman?" cried Nyurotchka. "We'll make a little girl, as little as my big doll, you know, Lisabeta Stefanovna. We'll call her Little Snow Girl, and she shall play with us."

Shourka asked, unbelievably: "Will she? But how will she run?"

"Why, we'll make her legs," said Nyurka.

"What kind of legs?" asked Shourka.

"To-day is Christmas Eve," explained Nyurka. "On a day like this she'll suddenly begin to run about, and she'll play with us. You just see."

"Really?" said Shourka. "To-day is Christmas Eve."

And suddenly he, too, believed. But he asked: "And will the little Snow Girl stay for another day?"

Nyurka replied, decidedly: "Of course, she will stay all winter, and run about and play with us."

"But in the spring?" said Shourchka.

Nyurotchka became thoughtful. For a long time she looked at her brother, puzzled, with her little mouth half open. Suddenly she laughed, and said joyfully, guessing: "Well, in the spring. Of course, in the spring Little Snow Girl will go up on the high hill, and she'll live there, where the snow always lies. All the summer she will live there, and in the winter she'll come down to us again."

And the children were glad and laughed happily together. Shourchka cried out joyfully: "All the winter we'll run about with her! We'll show her to mother. Won't mother be pleased?"

Nyurotchka said solemnly: "There's just one thing. We mustn't take her into the house, or she'll melt in the warmth."

Shourka asked another question: "But where will she sleep?" He was a practical, sober-minded boy, his father's own son.

Nyurotchka decided: "She shall sleep in the summer-house."

### IV.

The children set to work. They became silent.

Mother even grew anxious—what could be the matter, that there were no shouts and laughter to be heard? She looked anxiously from the window—but it was nothing, nothing at all, the children were making a snow woman. She was reassured, sat down again on the sofa, and went on reading a little book by Ellen Key—a very good little book.

Perhaps they were helped by some good or evil spirit, skilful in the creation of bodies, especially where the will sought the possibility of incarnation. As soon as ever they had set to work the little Daughter of the Snow grew under their nimble fingers like a living thing. The most delicate contours formed themselves exactly as if a living human soul were being fashioned out of snow. They modelled the soft lumps of snow one on another into a compact, delicate snow body.

Anna Ivanovna read to the end of a chapter and looked out of the window. In the middle of the lawn before the window, where in summer bloomed a scarlet briar rose, stood, almost finished, a little doll of snow.

"What clever little children I have," thought Anna Ivanovna contentedly, "they have succeeded in making the very prettiest doll." And it was pleasant for her to perceive that those new methods of bringing up and education, which she had followed, gave such excellent results.

"Art in the life of the child undoubtedly plays an important part, and parents"—thought Anna Ivanovna—"ought to bear this in mind, and encourage in every way the spontaneous activities of children."

## V.

In the garden Nyurka said to Shourka: "What a good thing we took the very cleanest snow! See how splendid she is coming!"

Shourchka said, judiciously: "Rather. This snow fell straight from heaven; it ought to be clean."

Nyurochka cried in ecstasy: "Ah, how pretty she is!"

Shourchka said: "She has a little mug just like yours."

Nyurochka laughed with happiness. She said, modestly: "Our little Snow Girl is like mother."

"And you are like mother," said Shourchka.

"So are you," said Nyurochka.

Shourchka frowned a little.

"I am more like father," he declared.

Nyurochka laughed, and said: "Not a bit of it. We are both like mother. And we have a little Snow Girl like mother." They examined and admired her.

"You know," said Nyurochka, "she is still very soft. Let's shake the apple tree. Then those tiny little icicles will tumble down and we'll make them into little ribs for her. With the shiniest of all we'll make her eyes."

No sooner said than done. And the little Daughter of the Snow had firm little ribs. And the little Daughter of the Snow had shining eyes. And now she had a little white frock. And now she had little white shoes. And there she was with a little white hat. The little Daughter of the Snow was ready.

They ran to the window, tapped on the glass, and said: "Mother, isn't our little Snow Girl fine?"

Mother replied through the casement (the little window that opens for ventilation during the Russian winter): "Very fine. But your hands must be frozen. Come and get warm."

The children laughed. But mother had told them, so they had to go.

"But what about little Snow Girl?" asked Shourka.

"It is still early for her," said Nyurka. "She is still waiting, and thinking. We will go to her in the evening, and call her, and play with her."

The children ran into the house. They told their mother: "Mother, this evening you will have a new little daughter, little Snow Girl."

The mother, Anna Ivanovna, laughed. The father, Nikolai Alexievitch, smiled. On Christmas Eve he did not go to the school, but sat at home and read the last number of the *Russkoe Bogatstvo* (a journal of the Russian intellectuals).

## VI.

Evening fell and the stars came out. The children ran out again into the garden. The little Daughter of the Snow stood there. She smiled. She was waiting for them. The children went up to her quietly.

"We must call her," said Shourchka. They were silent. Suddenly they began to be afraid.

"Kiss her!" said Shourchka.

"You first," said Nyurochka.

Shourka looked angrily at his sister. He said: "You think I'm afraid. I'm not, the least little bit." He went up to the little Daughter of the Snow and kissed her full on her pale, beautiful lips.

Whether it was that it was Christmas Eve, a holy and mysterious night, or that the children firmly believed in this that they had themselves imagined, or whether it was that the magical story filled the quiet garden with secret enchantments, and breathed into the soft, tender snow that the childish hands had modelled an inflexible will to live, a creative, free and joyful will; however it was, the miracle took place, the irrational childish wish was fulfilled, the little white Daughter of the Snow became alive, and answered Shourka with a kiss, tender, though very cold.

Quietly Shourka said: "Good day, little Snow Girl."

The little Daughter of the Snow replied: "Good day."

She moved her little delicate shoulders, breathed ever so softly and herself went up to Nyurka. And Nyurochka, too, kissed her on the lips.

"Oh, how cold you are!" said Nyurochka.

The little Snow Girl smiled. She said: "How should I not be cold? I am the little Daughter of the Snow."

Shourchka asked her: "Would you like to play with us, little Snow Girl?"

The little Daughter of the Snow said, quietly: "Yes, let's play."

And all three ran about the garden paths. They played together for a long time. And all three were happier than ever before.

## VII.

The cloth was laid in the evening for tea. The children were playing in the garden. Mother called them, but they did not come. Only their joyful voices could be heard outside. Then Nikolai Alexievitch said: "I will go into the garden and call them, and bring them in."

"You must put on your coat," said Anna Ivanovna.

"What, for one minute?" said Nikolai Alexievitch. "A scarf will be enough."

He wrapped a muffler round his neck, put on a warm fur hat, thrust his feet into deep goloshes and went into the garden. He called from the steps: "Children, where are you? Tea-time. Quick now!"

The children ran along the path with happy laughter, and separated as they went by. There were three of them.

Nikolai Alexievitch went down into the garden. He called out: "Children, who is this with whom you are playing?"

The children turned back and ran up to him. Nikolai Alexievitch saw a charming little girl with faintly blushing cheeks. He was surprised at her light, unseasonable dress, a very thin little short frock, summer shoes, short socks and little bare knees.

Nikolai Alexievitch asked: "Where does this little girl come from? Children, bring her quickly into the house. You will have her quite frozen."

The children, both speaking at once, cried, with ringing, happy voices: "This is the little Snow Girl."

"This is our little Snow Girl, papa."

"Our little sister."

"We made her ourselves."

"Out of snow."

"Out of the very whitest snow."

"She is going to play with us."

"All winter."

"But in the spring she'll go up to the high hills."

Nikolai Alexievitch listened to them with perplexity and annoyance. He muttered: "Stupid fantasies." He said: "Well, quickly, into the house with you. Are you quite frozen, little one? Where have you come from?"

The little white girl said: "I am the little Daughter of the Snow. I am made of snow."

Nikolai Alexievitch said, impatiently: "Come along in and get warm."

He took the little Daughter of the Snow by the hand.

"You have completely frozen your guest," he said. "Where did you find her? Her hands are like ice."

He led along the little Daughter of the Snow. The little Daughter of Snow, hanging back, said quietly: "I cannot go in there."

And the children cried out: "Papa, leave her here."

"She will spend the night in the summer house."

"She'll melt indoors."

But Nikolai Alexievitch did not listen to the children. He pulled the little Snow Girl along by the hand and took her indoors.

## VIII.

"Look at this, my dear Anna," Nikolai Alexievitch called to his wife, going into the dining room, "a little girl in nothing but a frock. Our scamps have completely frozen her."

Anna Ivanovna exclaimed: "My God! A little girl! Quite cold! Quick, to the fire!"

The children screamed in horror. "Mama! Papa! What are you doing? The little Snow Girl will melt. She—is our little Snow Girl."

But grown-up people always imagine that they know best. They sat the little Daughter of the Snow in a soft, deep armchair before the fire, where the wood burned bright and hot.

Nikolai Alexievitch asked: "Have we got any goose-grease?"

"No," said Anna Ivanovna.

"I will go to the chemist's," said Nikolai Alexievitch, "we must rub her nose and ears. They are quite white with the frost. And you, Anna, keep her warmly wrapped up."

He went out. Anna Ivanovna went to her bedroom to fetch something warm to put round the little Daughter of the Snow. At their wits' end, Shourka and Nyurka stood and looked at the little Daughter of the Snow. And she? The little Daughter of the Snow was happy. She was sitting in the armchair, looking into the fire, and smiling, and melting.

Nyurka cried out: "Little Snow Girl! Little Snow Girl! Jump down from the chair: we will open the doors for you: run quickly out into the cold."

Quietly the little Daughter of the Snow said: "I am melting. Already I cannot move. I have thawed all through. I am dying."

Little streams of water ran along the floor. Quickly melting in the deep armchair, the delicate little white Snow Girl sank down into small lumps of snow. And where were her little hands? They had melted. Where were her little feet? They had melted. A weak, sweet little voice was heard once more: "I am dying."

And already there was nothing but a heap of melting snow lying in the armchair.

## IX.

The children sobbed, and wept aloud.

Anna Ivanovna came with the warm clothes. She asked: "But where is the little girl?"



The weeping children said: "Our little Snow Girl has melted."  
Nikolai Alexievitch came back with the goose-grease. He asked: "But where is the little girl?"

Weeping, the children said: "She has melted."

Nikolai Alexievitch said, angrily: "Why did you let her go?"

The children answered him: "She melted all by herself."

Grown-up people and children looked at each other over the remains of melted snow, and the streams of water, and did not understand, and reproached each other:

"Why did you put the little Snow Girl to sit by the fire?"

"Why did you let the little girl go before she was warm?"

"Naughty papa, you have spoilt our little Snow Girl."

"Stupid children, why do you tell absurd stories?"

"The little Snow Girl has melted away."

"What a lot of snow you brought in with you."

The children cried, but the grown-up people either laughed or were angry.

And there was no little Daughter of the Snow.

## THE WATCHER.

There's a step gone from the hill,  
And a boat gone from the shore;  
And the watcher watches still.  
But never, as of yore,  
Shall a step come to the door,  
Or a hand lean on the sill:  
For the manly brow is chill,  
And the brave heart beats no more.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

## THE FITZWILLIAM (MILTON) HOUNDS



W. A. Rouch.

THE FITZWILLIAM DOG PACK IN MILTON PARK.

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FOUR years ago I described a visit to these kennels and a pleasant day on the flags spent with the then huntsman, W. Barnard. I pointed out that these hounds were formed by one of the most perfect hunting countries in England (from a houndman's point of view) and alluded to the great influence of the Fitzwilliam on the development of the foxhound. Some years ago, when I first began the serious study of hound pedigrees, I began to be afraid that we should gradually lose the distinctive characteristics of hounds bred in different kennels and that the somewhat close inbreeding to certain Belvoir lines would gradually obliterate the character shown by certain famous packs. But further study, more experience and the examination of packs in different parts of England have shown me that this fear was misplaced; I had underrated the influence of selection and environment, which is one of the strongest influences in all horse and hound breeding. Hounds and horses, no matter what their origin, tend certainly and rapidly to assimilate to the type best suited to the locality in which they live and work. About three generations see the characteristic types prevail; sometimes refined and improved, but in all essential points like the hounds which have always lived and hunted in that particular country. This happens in every country where the hounds are home bred, but most of all in those countries which have been hunted by

an old established pack, which has remained in the hands of the same family and has been managed in kennel by a succession of huntsmen of great experience and of long standing in the particular country. These men are not only deeply imbued with the traditions and history of the hounds bred in their kennels, but their great knowledge of the country, of the run of the foxes and the care of their own reputations in their profession has led them to select instinctively the sires and dams most likely to breed the sorts of hounds they need for work and to exercise right judgment in the drafting of their hounds. The better the country hunted over and the higher the standard of sport, the more rigid is the selection and the more they tend to preserve the characteristics of the hounds peculiar to the kennel.

There is yet another point which is worth noticing. These family packs, by reason of their long descent and carefully preserved pedigrees, are likely to produce what, for want of a better title, we may call "permanent" lines; that is to say, there appears in the kennel from time to time a famous hound which transmits his powers, mental and physical, to a long line of descendants. There are families of great promise and real excellence which produce notable hounds for a few generations, and then, exhausting, as it were, their force, die out and are no more heard of. Of permanent lines of blood transmitting their

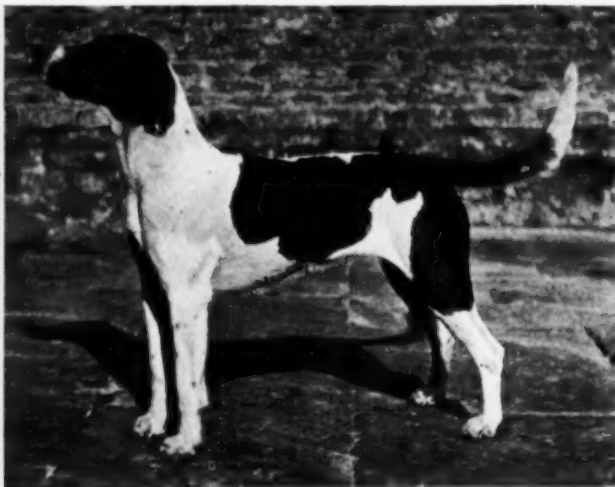
virtues and even their physical characteristics we shall find many instances in the Milton kennels of the present day. I have before noted that such great hounds most often appear when to a bitch of the old sort a fortunate alliance with a dog of kindred strains from some other kennel brings back to her some of the best blood in her own veins, even though, or perhaps because, these strains have been for many generations sojourning in some far-away kennel where pedigrees are carefully kept.

But if we desire to put clearly the character of the Fitzwilliam Hounds we may take a description written by a Master—Whyte Melville—of the Milton Hounds, as they were in his day and as they are still: "They are rather large, solemn-looking hounds, extremely rich in colour." (This is not so now, for in the Milton kennels no attention is paid to colour, and some of the best of their hounds I have seen have been light coloured or, at all events, not coming up to the standard of marking and colour which prevails in some kennels. Some noted hounds—Sanguine, Rector, Dorset and Donovan—are either light in colour or spotty in markings.) "They have a strong family likeness in the depth of their girths, the width of their loins and the quality of the timber on which they stand. You might seek through the kennels for a summer day without finding a pair of legs that were not straight and square as a dray horse's, with feet as round as a cat's. In hunting they run well together without flashing to the front, and though other hounds may seem to make their way quicker across a field, these keep on continuously over a country, seldom hovering, as it is called, for a moment, and carrying the scent with them, as it were, in defiance of obstacles. These hounds are never seen with heads up and ears erect waiting for information. If they want to know where their fox has gone, they put their noses down and find out for themselves. Also, they come home with

their sterns waving over their backs." Since these words were written, the character of the country has altered in one respect; there is more grass and less plough, but there is still arable, which is not good scenting ground, except in wet weather. The grasses are often rough and poor, and there are enormous woodlands. In many parts the fences are very strong. Thus the hounds need, and certainly possess, great perseverance, resolution, courage and plenty of intelligence, and they hunt a fox now as they did in Whyte Melville's day, with great self-reliance. Another point that strikes the observer at once is the size, bone and scope of the bitch pack, "so like the dogs," to quote again, "that it is only by their voices that you can tell which pack is in cover." The Fitzwilliam is one of the oldest packs in England, going back to 1754, although unluckily the oldest kennel books were burned. But the Fitzwilliam sort were evidently in high repute, for they had a great influence on the formation of every other pack of note of those times, and to them the old Pytchley was greatly indebted in the making of the famous pack which the first three Lords Spencer hunted with so much distinction in Northamptonshire. In the earliest kennel lists of the Belvoir in my possession, given me by the late John Welby of Alington, I find that Fitzwilliam dogs were freely used between 1791 and 1796, when there was a large draft from Lord Spencer's pack, which, as we have seen, was (as far back as 1763) indebted for useful strains to the Milton Kennel, so that the Fitzwilliam may fairly claim to have been among the foundations of Belvoir. It is not very wonderful to find, then, that Belvoir strains have been of great service to Milton since. It is but the return to them of their own blood, nor is the outcross to alien blood. At this point I want to draw the reader's attention to the pictures in this article as illustration of what I believe to be the laws of



RUINOUS.

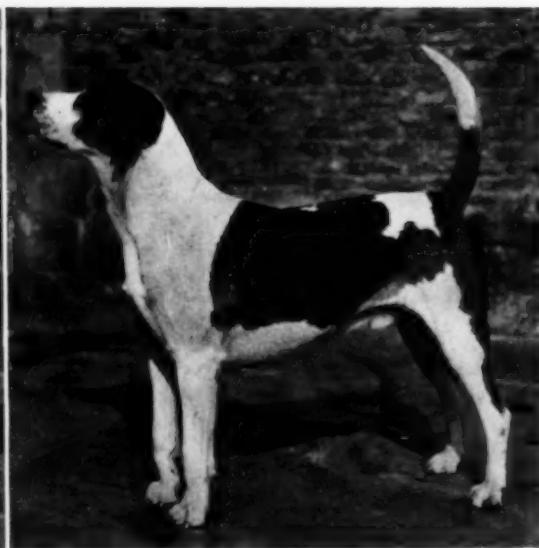


COBWEB.



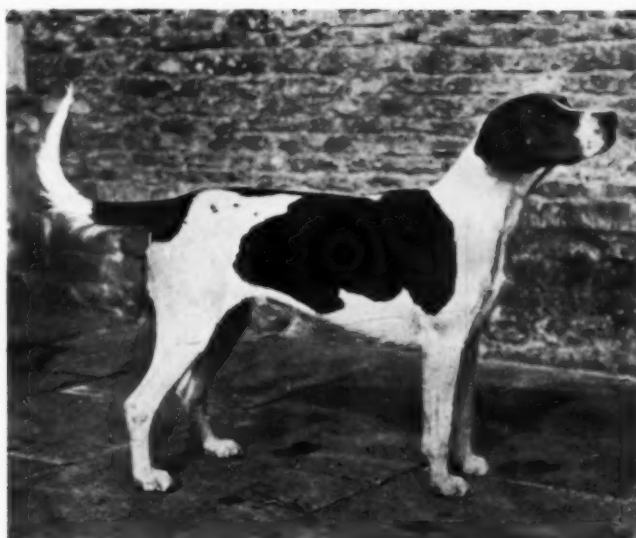
W. A. Rouch.

GAINER.

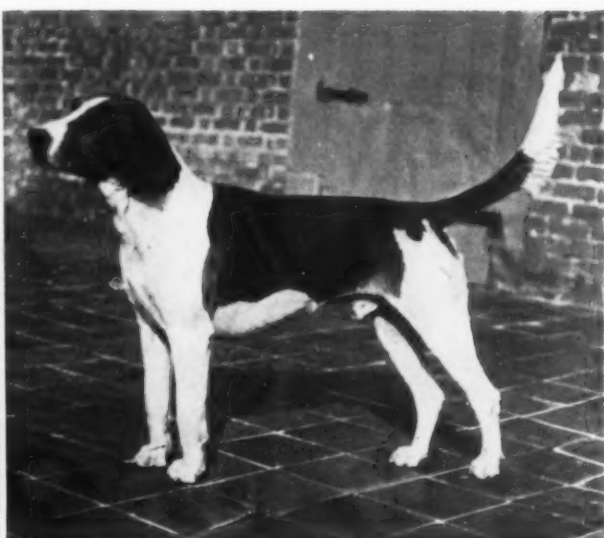


CH. WISEMAN.

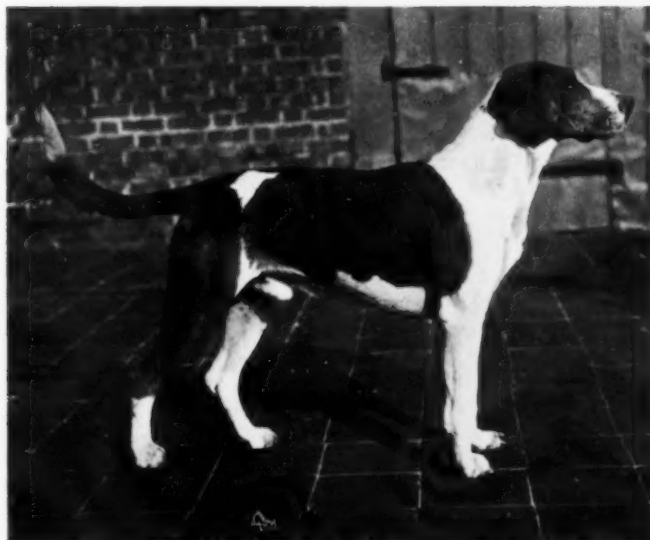
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WISDOM.



GLIDER.



W. A. Rouch.

MERMAN.



WARRIOR.

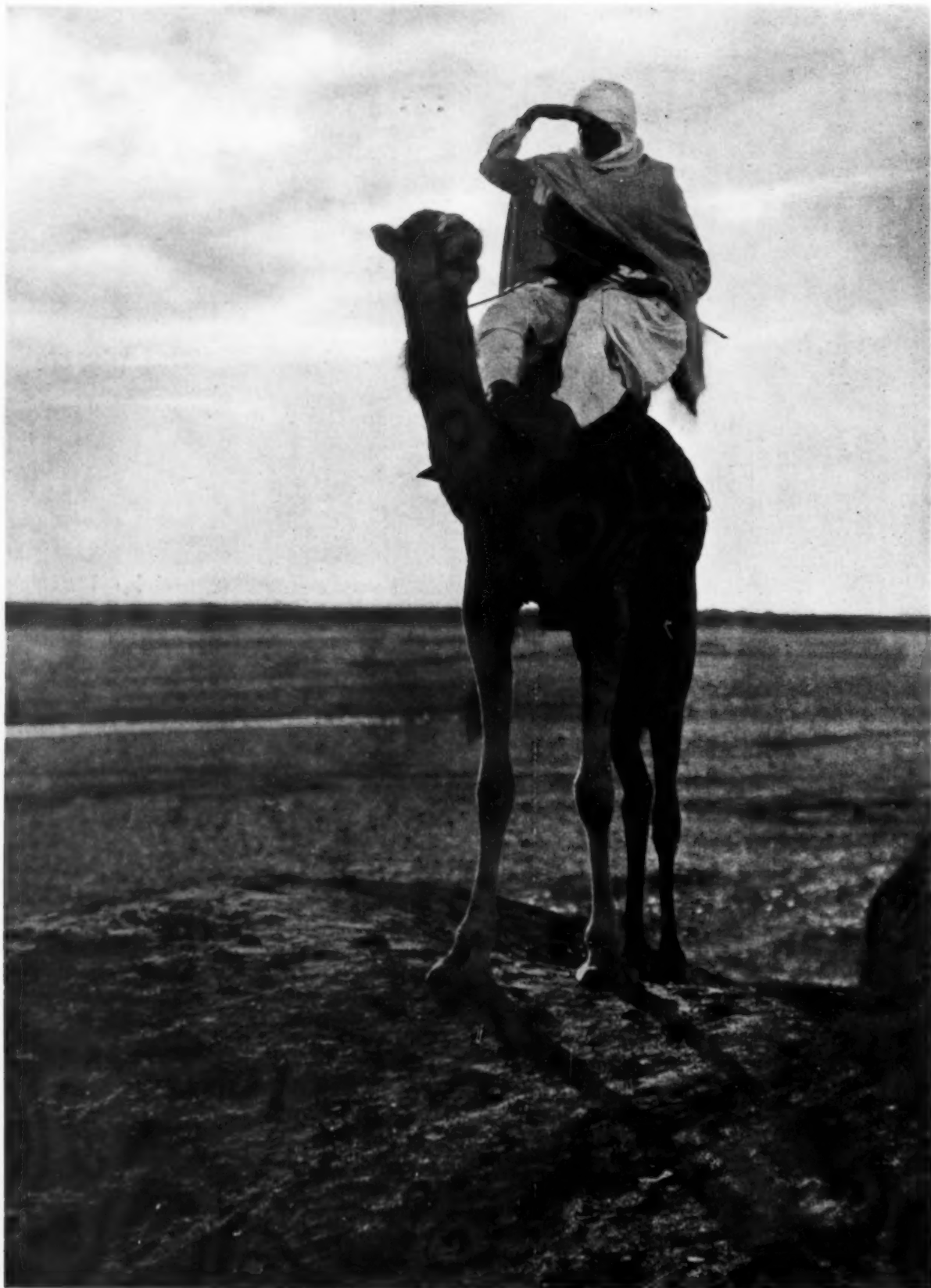
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breeding suggested above. A study of the pedigrees of the hounds chosen by the artist will show that we have here instances of the rapid reversion to the kennel type of hounds bred from famous lines outside. Indeed, the illustrations of this article show us the permanence of certain lines and make manifest, too, the influence of what we have called the selection by the hunting country and the way that selection preserves or restores the Fitzwilliam type. The group of the dog hounds in the park will serve to confirm Whyte Melville's description as being as true to-day as it was in the middle of the last century when he wrote it. Now if we turn to the portraits of individual hounds we shall find these no less interesting. I take Ruinous first because the Fitzwilliam bitches are less noticed than the dog hounds, but are, as Whyte Melville perceived sixty years ago, not less remarkable. Ruinous unites two great permanent lines of foxhound blood. On the paternal side Belvoir Pirate. The descendants of this famous hound do well in a difficult country, and Tom Bishopp had a liking for it in his Grafton days. On her dam's side Ruinous goes back to Dorset, a hound which has established an enduring family of workers in the Milton Kennel, and is descended from Belvoir Donovan through the Grafton Digby. It will be noted how frequently choice Belvoir strains have been introduced into the Milton Kennel through the Grafton; the inference from that being that the selection exercised by the Grafton country suits alike the Milton pack and the sort necessary for that country. Once more I refer to Ruinous on account of her fine Milton type. She is emphatically one of "the sort." Cobweb is another instance of this; she goes back to Belvoir Hamlet, but the blood has travelled by way of the Grafton. The dam of this bitch descends from the Bentinck Dorimont line, one of the most permanent in the Stud Book. Please note Cobweb's

fine quality and substance. Of Gainer's breeding, almost the same might be written, for if Gainer is not bred in exactly the same way, he is bred on the same lines. Then Wiseman, the Peterborough champion, goes back, as do several other hounds at present on the active list at Milton, to one of the most noted of Belvoir lines, and one of the most permanent, that of Dexter, from whom are descended the handsomest and some of the best working hounds of the Weathergaze family. All that has been said applies also to Glider, Warrior and Wisdom, and these will help to emphasise the contention of this article—that we have not lost the Milton character, since what may be diminished of it by the necessary introduction of fresh blood is restored by the inevitable and inexorable selection forced on the managers of the pack by the character of the hound country over which they hunt and wherein they have to kill foxes. That the characteristics of the working of these hounds still remain let a more recent witness speak: "On a poor scenting day, to see the Fitzwilliam come away from one of the interminable woodlands in the north of their country with their hackles up and begin to run, hunting at a pace you need hardly do more than trot to keep up with, and then driving on as the scenting conditions improve, and pressing their fox at last until they break him up with a sort of solemn, satisfied look which seems to imply that they had not their hackles up for nothing an hour before." It is "the hackles up" which is the touch of Nature in this description, and recalls a certain fierceness which is noteworthy in the Milton hounds. Masters of Hounds who think their packs want "grit" cannot do better than mate bitches of Belvoir strains to these Fitzwilliam dogs. Of quality they will lose little, but of resolution they will gain much. For "flash" the Milton blood is the best antidote.

X.





M. Emil Frechon.

THE UNCHANGING EAST.

Copyright.



"SOME TO MECCAH TURN TO PRAY."

### YASMIN.

How splendid in the morning glows the lily : with what grace he throws  
His supplication to the rose : do roses nod the head, Yasmin ?

But when the silver dove descends I find the little flower of friends  
Whose very name that sweetly ends I say when I have said, Yasmin.

The morning light is clear and cold : I dare not in that light behold  
A whiter light, a deeper gold, a glory too far shed, Yasmin.

But when the deep red eye of day is level with the lone highway  
And some to Meccah turn to pray, and I toward thy bed, Yasmin.

Or when the wind beneath the moon is drifting like a soul aswoon,  
And harping planets talk love's tune with milky wings outspread, Yasmin.

Give me thy love, O burning bright ! For one night or the other night  
Will come the gardener in white and gathered flowers are dead, Yasmin !

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.

## THE LATE JAMES ELROY FLECKER.

ALL who feel the sadness of Promise which has had no chance of fulfilment will mourn the loss of Mr. Flecker. It seems but yesterday since he left Cambridge University, whither he had gone to add a knowledge of Arabic and other Oriental languages to the learning gained during four years at Oxford. For the lure of the East had attracted him even during his boyhood at Cheltenham. When able to satisfy his bent for travel, his early poems used to be sent from Constantinople and from Beyrout, though in later years he more frequently shifted his quarters. His health had begun to fail years before his illness ended in his death at Davos-Platz. So his genius had not time to ripen. Yet that he has left something not unworthy of it will be seen from the beautiful little poem which we published exactly three years before his death, and which we reprint to-day.

It was destined for a book of verses from COUNTRY LIFE, which would have appeared before now but for the war. Its title is "Saunterers." Mr. Flecker would have loved the title, for the interpretation which Thoreau put upon the word fitted exactly a poet who was a saunterer in the best sense, one who was ever journeying *à la Sainte Terre*, a Holy Lander. His Arab love song could not be illustrated, —no fine poetry can. An artist in words bodies forth his vision in that medium. An artist with the camera, as M. Frechon undoubtedly is, renders his vision in black and

white, and the two, beautiful, each in its own way, are separate and distinct, united only by atmosphere and sympathy. Yasmin is a fine example of Mr. Flecker's work, the work of a man who followed the quest for beauty wherever it took him. But his brief history is summed up in the following little poem, which we printed as far back as August 24th, 1907 :

#### THE PIPER.

A lad went piping through the Earth,  
Gladly, madly, merrily,  
With a tune for death, and a tune for birth,  
And a tune for lovers' revelry.

He kissed the girls that sat alone  
With none to whisper, none to woo :  
Fired at his touch their faces shone,  
And beauty drenched them as the dew.

The old man tried to dance again,  
And shuffled round with catching breath ;  
And those that lay on beds of pain  
Went laughing through the gates of death.

If only he could make us thrill !  
Once more with mirth and melody !  
I listened, but the street was still,  
And no one played for you and me !



**F**EW greater contrasts than that between the feudal castle of Vitré and the gardens of Les Rochers could well be imagined either in architecture or history; but there is a charming link between them in the personality of Madame de Sévigné. After her arrival in Brittany the history of Vitré loses all its interest. Before her rural reign in the pleasaunces laid out for her by Le Nôtre we find no mention of Les Rochers in the calendar. So I should be practically forced to consider Vitré first, even if the dispassionate science of chronology did not suggest that any other choice were vain.

André, Baron of Vitré and Viscount of Rennes, was the third of his name, and the builder of the oldest fortifications to be seen in the castle to-day, about the middle of the thirteenth century. You will find them near some huge pillars of slate on your right hand as you enter the great courtyard within the castle gate. His father had fought for the Duchess Constance against Richard Cœur de Lion; he bore arms himself in the Albigensian Crusade, and he died at Mansourah in Egypt, in 1250, leaving Vitré as her dowry to his daughter Philippe, who married Guy (VII) of the famous house of Laval. The daughter of the tenth Guy became the bride of the famous Olivier de Clisson; and the twelfth Guy defended Rennes in the summer of 1357, when the Duke of Lancaster, with 1,000 men-at-arms and 500 archers, English and Bretons, were fighting for the Countess of Montfort and her young son. Charles Count of Dinan, and the Vicomte de Rohan helped in the defence, during which, says Froissart, "a young knight-bachelor called

Sir Bertrand du Guesclin fought with an Englishman, named Sir Nicholas Dagworth, three courses with spears, three strokes with battle-axes, and three stabs with daggers." But in spite of these fearsome weapons neither was hurt.

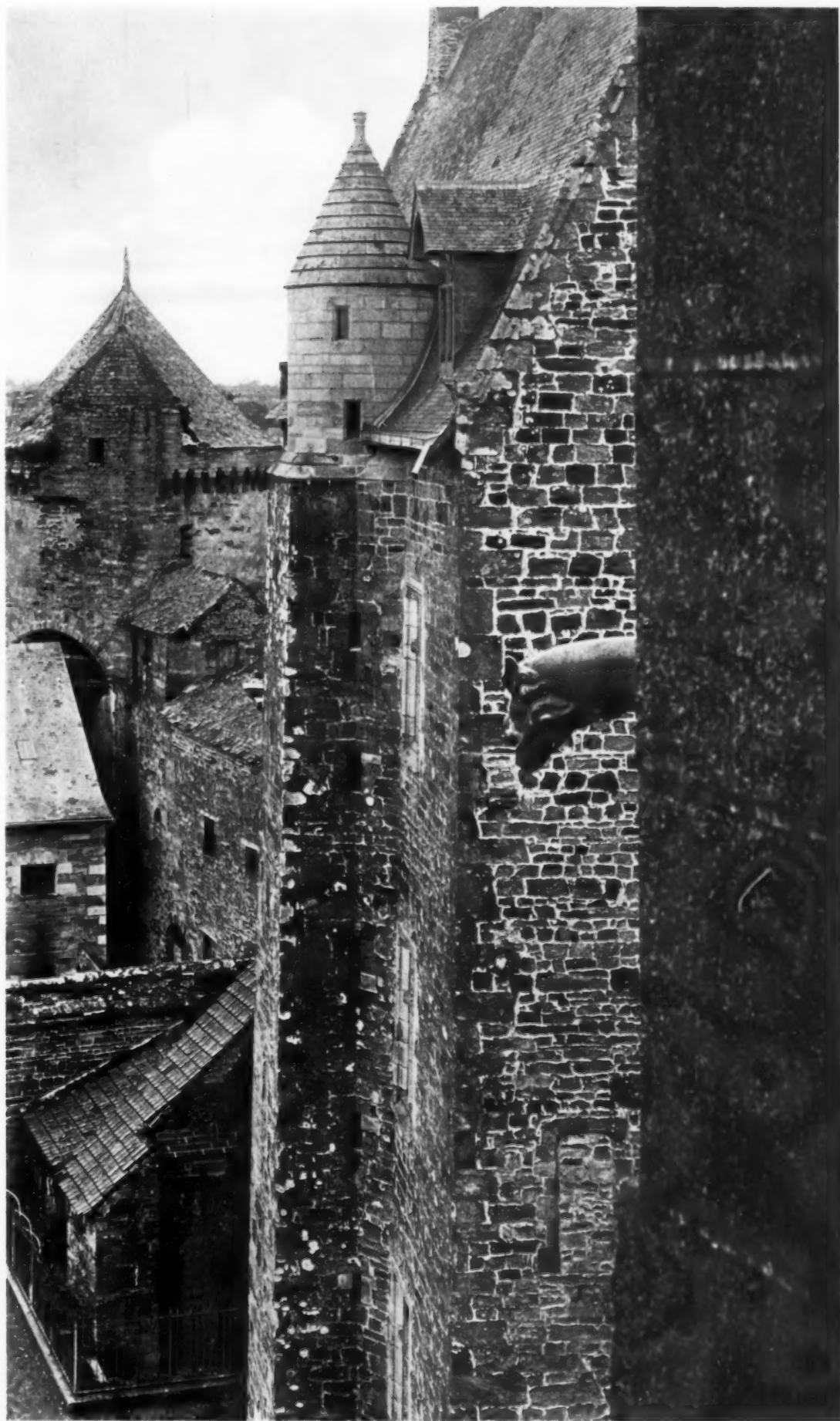
The death of the Black Prince, soon followed by that of Edward III, gave both Brittany and France a rest from invasions for a time; but it may be of interest for English travellers to remember that many of the English names mentioned in Froissart's chronicle of the time were once familiar household words in the oldest part of Vitré's castle.

The eldest son of that Guy de Vitré who fought so often against Sir Robert Knolles all over France was killed during a game of tennis at Laval. The boy's mother was Bertrand du Guesclin's widow, and his sister married Jean de Montfort (Guy XIII) in 1404, bringing with her as her dowry the castle of Vitré, which she considerably enlarged and fortified against the besieging English in 1428. Her grandson (Guy XV) married Catherine d'Alençon, but was succeeded by his nephew (Guy XVI), who married Charlotte of Arragon, Princess of Tarentum, daughter of Frederick King of Sicily and Naples. Their daughter, Anne de Laval, connected her inheritance of Vitré (by her marriage in 1521) with the great house of La Trémoille.

The presence of the reformed religion in this feudal castle has left a pathetic and beautiful trace in the inscription—"Post tenebras spero lucem"—on the chapel in the courtyard, where you may still see the lovely little open-air pulpit of Renaissance work which commemorates the



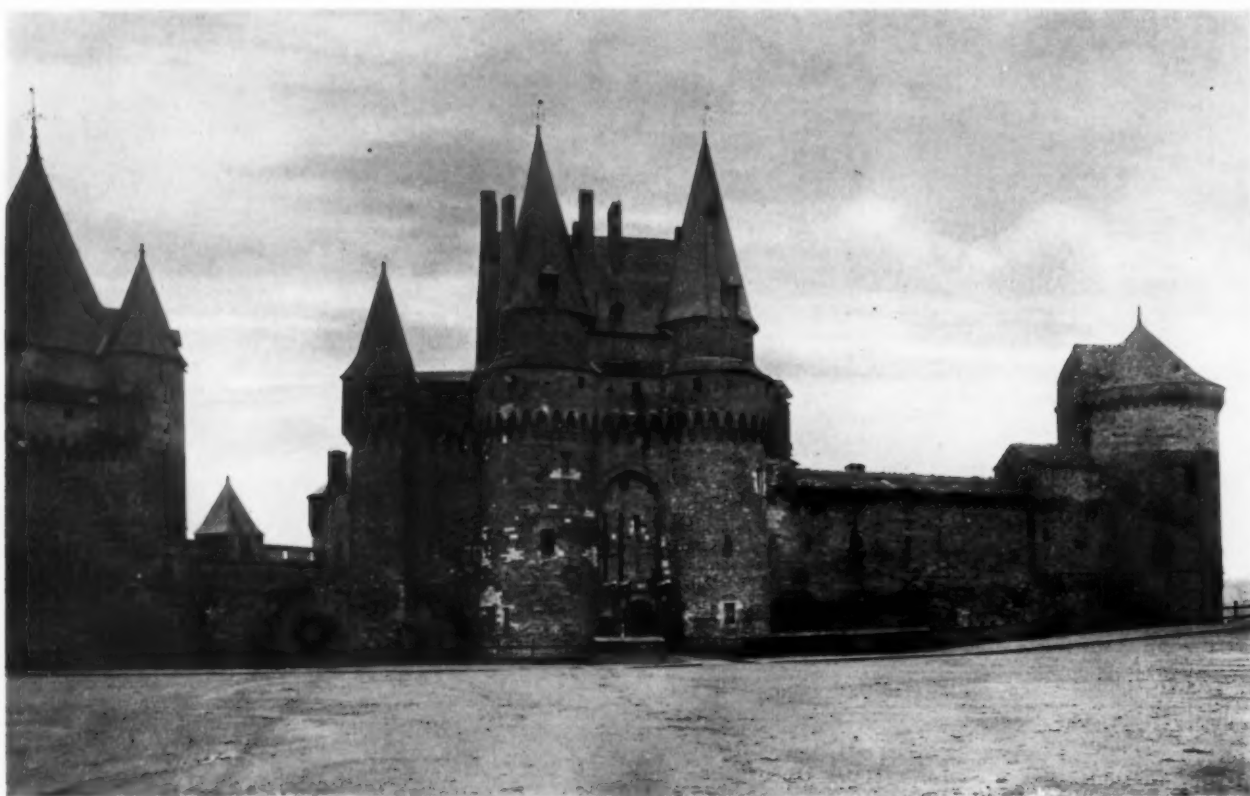




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LOOKING FROM THE DONJON TO THE TOUR DES ARCHIVES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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ENTRANCE TOWERS OF THE CASTLE OF VITRE.

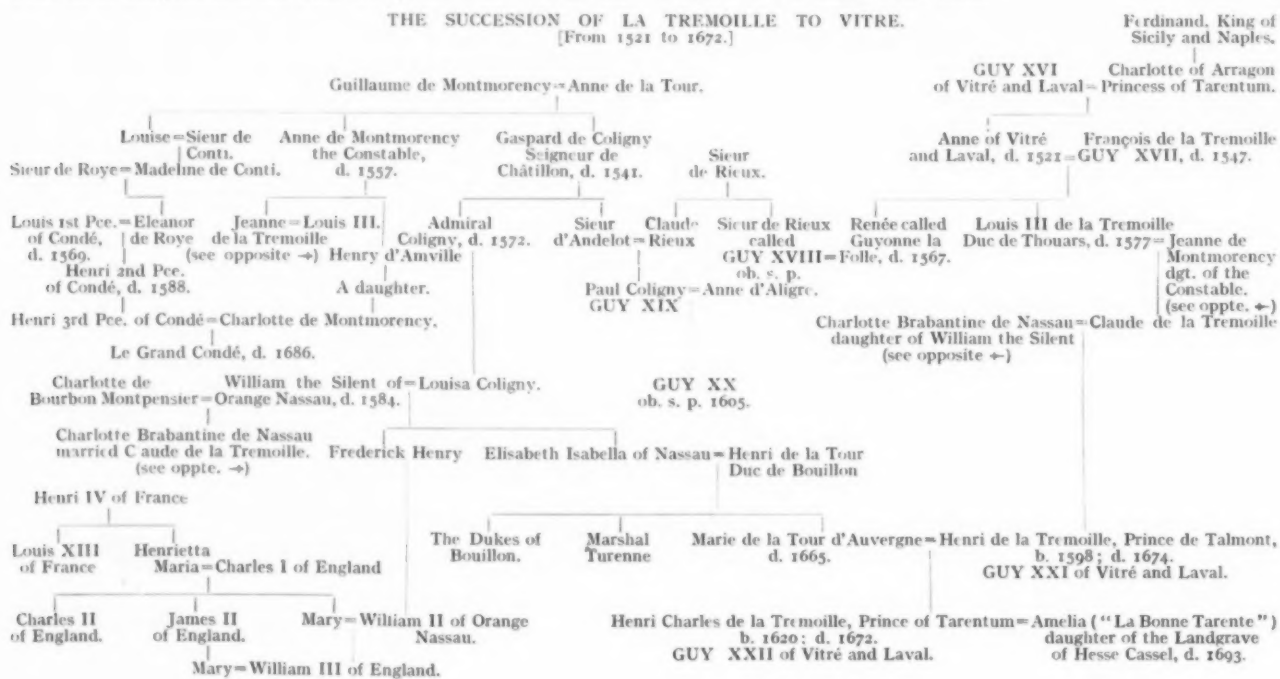
"COUNTRY LIFE."

Huguenot owners of the sixteenth century. This is the best piece of stonework in the place after the magnificent chimney-piece of 1583, now kept on the first floor of the donjon, but originally made by Lucas le Roger for his house in the Rue Poterie.

Perhaps the finest view of the castle as a whole is from the streets of the town, where the line of old tanneries on the Vilaine is one of the most picturesque corners of the district. Two splendid round towers, crowned by heavy machicolations, guard the entrance gate upon the spacious forecourt, and to your right the curtain wall is terminated by the Tour des Archives with the donjon (or Tour Saint-Laurent) on the left. Between these angles nearly all the original thirteenth century work has been built over and incorporated into the fortifications of 1428. Past the entrance and the portcullis you walk into the triangular courtyard, the north-western side of which held the living apartments which Madame de Sévigné knew so well. When I was there last they were being used as prisons. On the south-west are the Tour de la Chapelle and the Tour d'Argenterie. The Eastern

side is filled by the building called the Châtelet, a rectangular mass flanked by the two towers we have already seen at the entrance. It is this châtelet which the *conciergerie* will probably allow you first to enter, by way of the apartments still used by M. le Vicomte de Marcillé in 1658. A very interesting "inventory" of the furniture then contained by them can be inspected here, and thoroughly deserves to be better known by collectors and antiquaries. On the third floor are preserved some bas reliefs originally carved for the tomb of Marguerite de Bretagne, daughter of Duke Jean V, who was betrothed to the Baron de Vitre. In the donjon a small flight of steps leads down to the postern gate, and a wide staircase mounts upwards to serve all three floors above. It is well worth while to go right to the top and walk round the "Chemin de Ronde" so as to understand the way the walls were defended from beneath the roof. The work is of about the same date as Langeais, added to masonry of the period of Carcassonne. The genealogical table printed below shows in compact form the many noble connections of the House of la Tremoille and Vitre.

THE SUCCESSION OF LA TREMOILLE TO VITRE.  
[From 1521 to 1672.]



Henri de la Tremoille, Prince de Talmont, presided over the Estates of Brittany in 1636 as Baron de Vitré by virtue of his inheritance from Guy XX, Comte de Laval and Baron de Vitré, who had died unmarried in Hungary in 1605, and was the son of that Guy XIX who was a Coligny by birth, and of his wife, Anne d'Aligre. The line of succession to Vitré, in fact, had gone back from the childless Guy XX to Anne (daughter of Guy XVI), who had married François de la Tremoille.

To Henri de la Tremoille the Barony of Vitré may have seemed almost the smallest of many titles; for with the permission of Louis XIV, he upheld, at the Congress of Munster, those rights to the kingdom of Naples which descended to him from Charlotte d'Aragon, Princess of Tarentum and wife of Guy XVI of Vitré and Laval, whose daughter brought more than Vitré to her husband. This claim was made by the la Tremoilles at every successive Treaty of Peace from 1648 to 1815, and the eldest son of their house was known by the title of Prince of Tarentum and recognised as royalty by the reigning house of France. Henri died at Thouars in 1674, and he had married (in 1619) Marie de la Tour d'Auvergne, a Protestant and daughter of Henri de la Tour, Duc de Bouillon, and Elisabeth of Nassau. Their son, Henri Charles de la Tremoille, Prince of Tarentum, was born in 1620, and lived a great deal of his life in Holland. His return home to



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Thouars and Vitré revealed to his parents that he was quite averse to their proposed match with the wealthy Mlle. de Rohan, who had already refused his kinsman, Prince Rupert. As a matter of fact, he was deeply in love with his cousin, Louisa Henrietta, the Stadtholder's daughter, whom he only lost when she was married, practically by force, to Frederick William, the great Elector of Brandenburg. Soon afterwards the Stadtholder himself died, and in September, 1647, the Prince of Tarentum married Charlotte Amelia, daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, in the Protestant Chapel of Cassel. His bride is "La Bonne Tarente" of so many of Madame de Sévigné's letters, for the châtelaine of Les Rochers often called at Vitré to see the Princess, and a very interesting light is thrown on both of them by the correspondence.

Marie de Rabutin-Chantal was born on February 6th, 1626, and in 1644 she married the Marquis de Sévigné, who was killed in a duel. There was not much love lost between them, nor did the Marquis apparently deserve much. He left a son, and daughter, who married M. de Grignan in 1669, and it was to this daughter that Madame de Sévigné wrote the famous letters which are her immortal passport to a celebrity independent of her birth and station. Not that she was oblivious of either of these latter, until her death at Grignan (Drôme) on April 18th, 1696; and she



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Copyright. IN THE DONJON, VITRÉ. "C.L."



most thoroughly appreciated the "conversations about good society" by which the presence of the Princess at Vitré lightened her "exile" at Les Rochers, when she was obliged, for reasons of economy or health, to leave Paris.

Les Rochers passed out of the hands of the Sévigné family because her son, who married Jeanne Marguerite de Bréau de Mauron, borrowed money from his wife's aunt on the security of the estate and never paid it. The château and gardens, therefore, passed to the creditor's son, Jean Paul Hay des Nétumières, on April 7th, 1715. His descendants own it still, and by him the large "Communs," with their triangular pediment, on the right of the entrance court, were built at the same time as a good deal of the old feudal work was swept away; but luckily all the rooms used by Madame de Sévigné herself were carefully preserved, and with them a great deal of the charming irregularity of the first house on that spot. On the left of the entrance court a gate of fine ironwork opens into the French garden and forms a link between the house and the curious octagonal chapel built by Madame de Sévigné in 1671, in which the "Annunciation," with her arms, still

hangs. Her favourite parlour looked out upon a walk of lime trees in this French garden, close to a round tower on the inner side of the house. Within it are her canopied bedstead, still hung with silk embroidered by her daughter; her toilet-table; her elegant writing-table; her diminutive washing apparatus; her favourite chairs—slight, pathetic relics of a personality that hovers through the pages of her letters, as different, as well may be imagined, from any memory called up in the stern military corridors of Vitré, scarcely four miles away; different, at any rate, from anything which Vitré saw, till the Princess of Tarentum lived there, and the two dainty châtelaines called on each other to talk over the scandal of the Court.

"As M. Fouquet was returning from the Court room," wrote Madame de Sévigné in November, 1684, "he asked what the workmen were doing near the Arsenal. They were working at a Fountain, he was told. So he went to look at it, and laughed to d'Artagnan: 'You wonder at my interest? I have always liked things of that kind.' Those who like M. Fouquet cannot but admire such steadfastness and quietness of mind at a time when he was on trial for his life." So



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CHATEAU DES ROCHERS FROM THE ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

moralises Madame. My readers, too, can remember how large a part in Fouquet's magnificent Vaux-le-Vicomte was taken by the gardens. And his friend would not be content at Les Rochers until she had her garden too; her lime tree walk; her Hemicycle; and all the other fancies of Le Nôtre in little. For the great Le Nôtre it was who made the plans for her. He saw at once that, though not much could be made of her old Breton stronghold, a good deal could be done in the way of gardening on that pleasant slope by the Argentré road above the stream of the Vilaine. He filled up moats and made them into bowing greens. He laid out parterres and terraces beyond. He cut long, light alleys and avenues in the sombre shadows of the surrounding woods. He levelled the ground in order to obtain distance and perspective. He let in the sunshine, and he brought orange trees in boxes to simulate the South. Each walk received its separate baptism: "The Mall," "The Solitude," "The Infinite," "The Character of my Daughter" and so forth.

Upon the bark of trees the scholarly exile would cut Italian epigrams on such occasions as the return of her son from adventures in Crete, or as the visit of her beloved daughter: "Piaga d'amor non si sana mai"; or even copybook maxims with a *double-entendre*, such as "Amor odit inertes." Upon her sundial was engraven the reminder, "Ultimam time." Her "Labyrinth," of course, evokes the memory of Theseus and his Ariadne. When she cuts down a tree she "puts to flight a Dryad from her home." Her famous Hemicycle was "the haunt of the nymph Echo," and that echo still remains for every visitor to hear. Perhaps we have time, even in these hurried days, to linger for a moment and to listen.

We hear of "La Bonne Tarente," as she called her, in many letters, and of "her relationship to all the royalties in Europe." On one of the rare occasions when she found the Princess out of mourning she is careful to exclaim: "I am glad to see the health of Europe is so good!" They sometimes went about together, and their surprise is recorded on finding in a country house quails, turtles, pears and peaches as good as any in Paris. When they attended Rennes for the meeting of the Estates it was quite a triumphal entry: "... we stopped," writes the vivacious Marquise, "we kissed, we perspired, we talked, we advanced in a coach-and-six, we listened to trumpets and drums. ... " From 1675 to 1685 they solaced each other's exiles, and sent each other little lapdogs, and exchanged prescriptions for their little ailments and talked over their daughters. The suitors of



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the Princess Charlotte Amelie were particularly discussed. There were suggestions of the Duke of York, afterwards James II of England; more than suggestions of Prince George of Denmark or Prince Philip of Hesse; Royal hints about Charles XI of Sweden; wicked whispers about Griffenfeld, a mere diplomat of no birth—"the mere thought of him is enough to make one faint," writes Madame de Sévigné. In the end, the young lady pleased herself and married Anthony, first Count of Aldenburg, to the stupefaction of her mother, who was powerless at a safe distance. In 1685 the Princess de Tarente was driven from France by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and her visits to Les Rochers came to an end

for ever. We must end our visit too, and leave Madame de Sévigné.

But it is in her garden that we will say good-bye, among those endless alleys where her son "looked after me so carefully to prevent my giving him a step-father that I am really almost tempted to launch out into an escapade." "Almost," but never quite. She preferred Tasso, St. Augustine, Descartes, Pascal, Racine. She read them in those long autumn exiles when she came down to Les Rochers "to say good-bye to the leaves that still linger on the trees, but change their colour to the hues of dawn, and of a dawn like cloth-of-gold embroidered on brocade."

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

## THE VILLAGE HALL, NETTLEBED.

ALL golfers who motor from London to Huntercombe must have noticed in Nettlebed a very attractive building which is set back a little from the road and grouped round a forecourt. It houses the Village Hall and Club which Mr. Robert Fleming has provided. In the completeness of its accommodation and equipment it compares rather with the Hall at Kemsing, Kent, than with the more modest buildings in other villages which we have illustrated from time to time. The building cost, exclusive of lighting and heating, amounted to £4,420, and it is obvious that arrangements so complete can only be achieved by the aid of considerable benefactions. The complete scheme which it represents must, therefore, be regarded rather as an ideal to be aimed at than as a practical proposition for most villages, where such an institute can be secured only by the small subscriptions of the many, instead of, as in this case, by the generosity of one donor. The Club is being run under the auspices of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, with which it is affiliated, and the rules under which it works are those which the Union recommends. At present the building remains vested in Mr. Fleming, but it is his intention to hand it over to trustees when its activities are fully organised. The hall is now let on a

yearly tenancy, at the nominal rent of £20 per annum, to a committee of twelve, including the doctor, the schoolmaster, Mr. Fleming's agent and some working men. The accounts of the first year's working make interesting reading, and although we have no space to set them out here, some notes may be helpful to other people who are

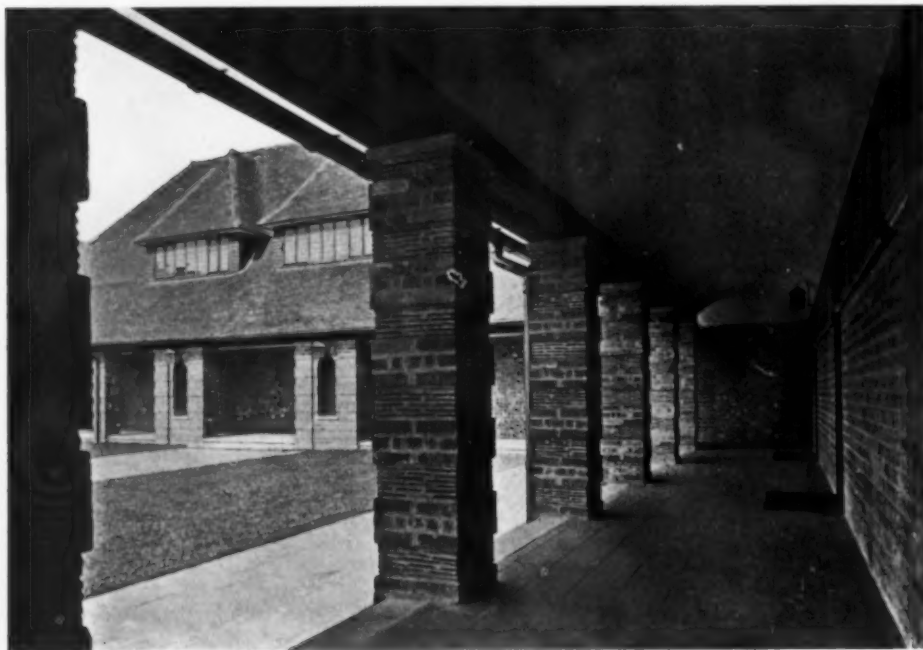


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FROM THE ROAD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

working village clubs. Subscriptions (at 4s. per annum) and entrance fees (sixpence) amounted to £51. The general expenses account, including the nominal sum of £50 for light, rent, and heating, amounted to £114, but this does not include the caretaker's wages of 30s. a week, which were paid by Mr. Fleming. Against this sum must be set profits from hiring of hall, etc., but there remains a debit balance of £66. The games account shows better with a profit of £64, and the refreshment account was also encouraging with a profit of £76. The total result of the year's working showed a nominal profit of about £125, but for the reasons given above, this is obviously only nominal, and it would not have appeared as a profit, if the club had been run during the period on purely independent lines. We come now to the uses to which the building is put. The Nettlebed school children drill there in wet weather, and the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides receive instruction in gymnastics and shooting. These advantages are at the continual disposal of the members of the club, who can also use the library



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UNDER THE EAST CLOISTER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



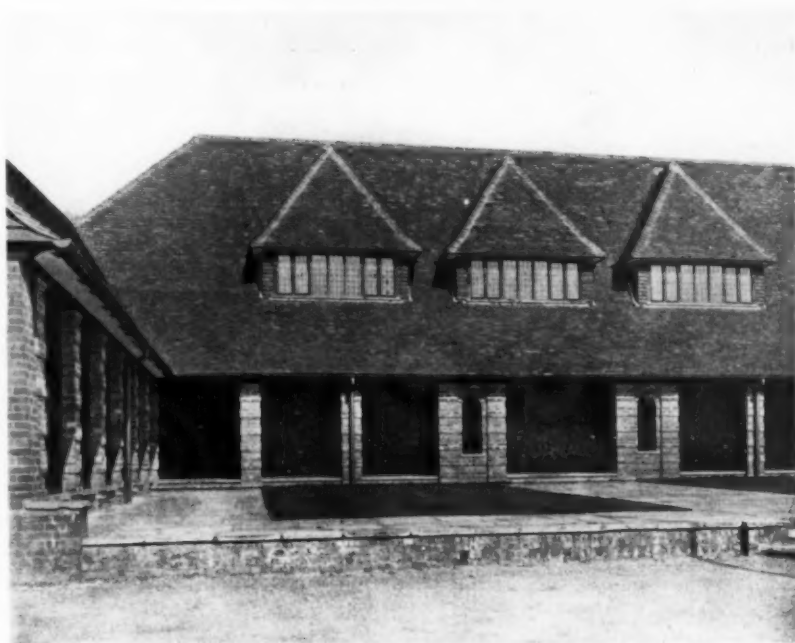


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FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

been made to catch rain water. A tennis court and bowling green are provided at the back of the building, and Mr. Mallows has not been unmindful of the children. There are two small hop-sotch courts in the forecourt and also a large one of "coronation" type in the middle. With regard to the architectural quality of the building, the photographs are sufficiently explanatory. The broad expanse of roof



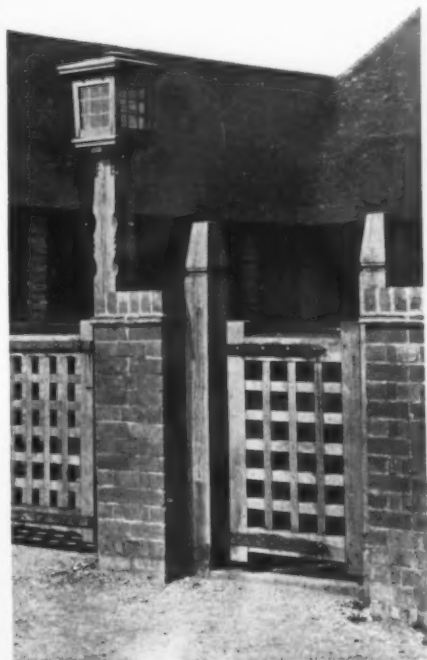
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SOUTH FRONT FROM FORECOURT.

"C.L."

every Saturday. A reference to the plan will show how well Mr. Mallows has provided for all these activities. The hall is a large and well lighted room with open timber roof and an apsidal stage at its east end. Behind the latter are two dressing-rooms for theatricals, etc., and there is a committee room at the west end, under the gallery. The library, reading-room and billiard-room are in the east wing, and the west wing is devoted to a play shed with skittle alley, etc. All these main features of the building are connected by the very attractive cloister which appears in our illustrations. The bar is adjoining the cookery centre, etc., at the south-east corner. At the back of the hall, on the north side, is an admirable miniature rifle range. An ingenious arrangement of pulleys and cords is provided to bring the target back to its place. It is operated from the shooter's end of the range, and this ensures complete safety. Needless to say, the range has been largely used since the war began.

No more evidence is needed of the appreciation of the club in the village than the fact that there are 673 inhabitants and 205 members, membership being limited to men. The caretaker acts as the gymnasium instructor. The village pump is one of the most useful features. It is outside the front of the hall accessible to the villagers. Large tanks have



ENTRANCE GATE AND LANTERN.

and big dormers, the solid brick piers of the cloister and the attractive detail of the entrance gates are all significant of artistic skill, combined with a grasp of the practical problems involved.

Perhaps the most original feature of the equipment of the hall is the provision of a cinematograph apparatus. It would be a doubtful advantage if all English villages were equipped with picture palaces, if they showed the baser sort of "cowboy" and other sensational films. Given some restraint in the choice of subject, however, moving pictures would be something to make winter evenings more changeable. Mr. Fleming's main idea in installing a cinema at Nettlebed



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THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

was to make use of its educational possibilities. The Oxfordshire Education Committee welcomed the provision, and the Inspector of Schools approved the scheme, which extends advantages to the school children of six parishes near Nettlebed. The Educational Code permits teachers to take the whole or part of a school for rambles or visits to *places of educational interest* during school hours, and at Nettlebed films are shown on certain Wednesday afternoons to a concourse of children. The subjects of the pictures illustrate geography, history, English and Nature study, and the teachers confer together as to the choice of films. Mr. Fleming added to his generous provision by joining a lending library of films, so that the subjects might be duly varied. The lighter aspects of village life are not, however, neglected. Dances are held in the main hall, which is laid with a special dancing floor of oak, and this is protected in the ordinary way by a cloth covering. In a building quite detached from but adjoining the village hall is housed Miss Wheeler, under whose care the young girls of the village and district are taught cookery, laundry work and housekeeping. Across the road is the school garden, divided into some fourteen plots, each cared for by one boy. At the back of the playground is an old building converted into a carpenter's shop, in which



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THE SKITTLE ALLEY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

another section of the boys work under the supervision of Mr. T. Johnson, the village schoolmaster. All of these branches are under the control of the County Educational Authority. Altogether, it will be seen that in these various ways instruction as well as amusement is provided. In the varied organisation which it makes possible for the improvement of village life, Mr. Robert Fleming's work at Nettlebed is worthy not only of all praise, but of wide imitation. L. W.

## ON THE CURIOUS WANDERINGS OF A LITTLE FISH.

THE introduction of either plants or animals to a new district or country at the hands of man is of such almost everyday occurrence as to require no comment. Where the subjects are suitable its success is almost a foregone conclusion, commensurate only with the scale upon which it is carried out, and the time occupied is probably only a year or two. But how very different is the natural extension of a species to new areas! This seems almost always to have been a very gradual process, requiring long eons for its accomplishment, and sometimes, perhaps, ultimately resulting—through admixture with kindred races already in possession, or from environment and the ameliorating influences of time—in a somewhat modified form of the original "species." Such extension has been more or less satisfactorily traced in many parts of the world and at different periods, and has been as variously written about, or interpreted, by as many different people. It leads us almost irresistibly into the wide fields of "variation," so ably discussed by Professor Bateson in his recent address to the British Association in Australia, and is rather apt to land us, possibly a little out of our depth, in speculation upon atavism, the survival of the fittest, or what it is that really constitutes a species, till, as Henri Fabre put it, "We find ourselves compelled to take refuge behind the mists of the ages and to abandon our whimsey amidst the shadows of the uncertainty that fancy has conjured up." It is, however, with no such abstruse problems that I am at present concerned, my only desire being to draw attention to the curious wandering of a little fish under what may be called natural circumstances, although resulting, in the present instance, from artificial conditions.

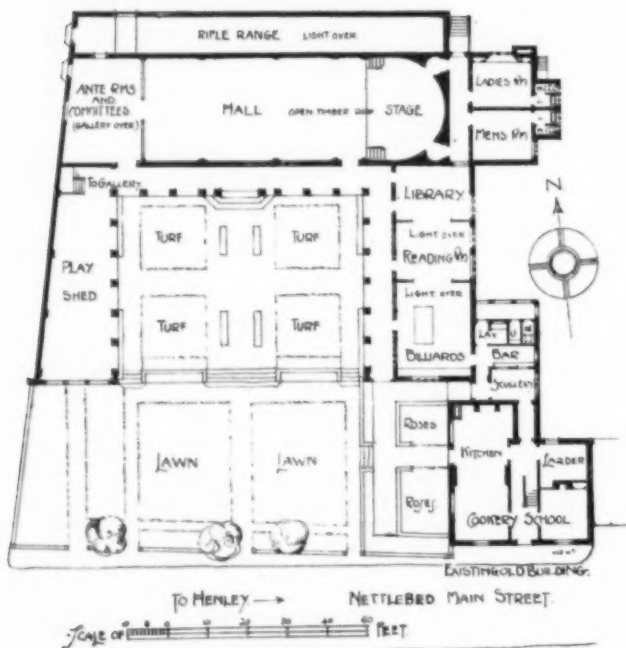
The common bullhead (*Cottus gobio*) is an abundant fish in many English streams, but its distribution northwards in this country seems to stop, on the eastern watershed, at about the river Tees, which, as is well known, forms for nearly its entire length the boundary between the counties of Durham and Yorkshire. Further north it is conspicuously absent, although it is said once to have been abundant in one small tributary of the Wansbeck, in Northumberland, where it has since almost, if not quite, disappeared owing to pollution from the coal mines. The Tees takes its rise on the eastern slopes of the summit of Cross Fell, on the borders of Westmorland and Cumberland, South Tyne rising on the same bogs only a short distance further north in the latter county. In Tees the bullhead is common almost to its source, but in Tyne, except as to be presently related, it seems to be unknown. About a century ago a trench was cut across the moor to divert a portion of the water from the infant Tees to the head of Tyne in order to increase the available supply in the latter stream used for the washing of lead in the Tyne Head mines. The trench still exists, though now fallen into disrepair and generally dry, lead-washing having ceased to be practised at Tyne Head for something like fifty years. While it was in use, however, it was well known to the miners



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RIFLE RANGE.

"C.L."



PLAN: VILLAGE HALL, NETTLEBED.



and others that trout made their way through the trench from one river to the other, the marked superiority of the trout in the head of Tyne to those found a few miles further down being still held by residents to be due to the infusion of Tees blood. During the past summer I was much interested to find that there were a few bullheads in the higher reaches of the Tyne, and have since learned that they are occasionally caught nearly as far down as Alston, say seven or eight miles below Tyne Head. Lower down than that they do not as yet seem to have spread, but that they will ultimately do so is doubtless only a question of time; and since there can scarcely be a doubt as to how they reached the head of Tyne, we shall some day, when the lower reaches of the river have been colonised, find ourselves in possession of the interesting fact that through (to it) an accidental occurrence among the hills a species has been able to extend its area along the coast a distance of, say, twenty miles—i.e., from the catchment of the Tees to that of the Tyne—a fact that may well provide food for reflection to any contemplative person. Long before that period arrives, however, the erstwhile

existence of the trench may have passed from memory, and the putting of the facts upon record now may then be of service in explaining the otherwise extraordinary discovery that the river was becoming peopled with bullheads from its source downwards instead of in the opposite direction.

The popular idea is, of course, that all rivers must of necessity have been colonised by fish from their mouths *upwards*, whence the so common question, "How in the world did trout ever get above *that* waterfall?" And in the present connection it might well be asked, "How can you account for bullheads being found in the Tees far above such apparently impassable obstructions as the falls at High Force and Caldron Snout?" But lack of space unfortunately forbids the consideration of such questions now, inviting though they may be to the theorist. I should just like to add, before leaving the subject, that the distribution of *Cottus gobio* in the North of England has peculiar interest for me at the present time, and I should much appreciate information which any reader of COUNTRY LIFE may be in a position to give me.

GEORGE BOLAM.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

**M**R. ANSTEY is one of the few writers who comes too seldom before the public. The competition of rival publishers is a great temptation for a popular writer to increase his output till his material grows thin and his qualities become faded. But the humour of Mr. Anstey is as fresh and delightful to-day as it was when he wrote "Vice Versa." His latest book, *Percy and Others* (Methuen), should be compared with M. Maeterlinck's "The Bee." Both have been arrested by the same extraordinary sequence in natural history, the life of the drone. It stirred and fired the imagination of the Belgian dramatist, and the outcome was an epic in prose.

Using language by turns stately, passionate and pitiful, M. Maeterlinck related the drama of the Honey Bee without a single comic touch. But indeed a sense of humour is not to be numbered among his splendid gifts. The subject appealed to Mr. Anstey in quite a different way. He gives a circumstantial account of the first visit of Percy, a name, by the by, that suits the insect to a hair, and how he managed to establish conversation. Then his droll fancy begins to figure the drone as a "nut" of the apiary. Percy is an agreeable, well bred member of society who takes the kindest possible view of himself and other people, even of the sterile virgins, those worker bees who had fed and tended him and urged him to fulfil his destiny. It bores him to think that he has to mate with a queen and thus do his duty to the community. Nevertheless, he does essay the nuptial flight which Maeterlinck describes in such grandiose language, and out-distances all his rivals. Only a bird looking out for food snaps up the young queen and the quest fails. This is not altogether a matter of disappointment, for he has heard a rumour in the hive that no favoured lover has been known to return alive, and for heroics, either in love or death, he has no taste. But a time comes when the severe spinsters, dreading a shortage of winter rations, first look askance at the hungry, lazy drones and then resolve to slay them. The Comic Muse does not like bloodshed, however, and so the author, not paying much attention to the actual facts, devises a happy ending. We forgive him for the great cleverness with which the story is told. It, indeed, shows Mr. Anstey at his very best. There is no touch of malice in his satire. Even the harmless necessary nut receives no castigation, and the stern unsexed worker bees are drawn with a kindly pencil. Had this story of bee lore been related by Don Quixote it is easy to imagine him using the lofty language of M. Maeterlinck, while if honest Sancho Panza had told the tale, he would have done so in the tone of Mr. Anstey.

The book contains many other chapters, and some are almost as good as Percy. "What the Moonlight Saw," is a series of stories in the style of "Le diable boiteux." But Le Sage was more serious in his intention. He was seized with the desire to represent humanity as it is and not as it chooses to appear, and therefore he invented a friend with the power to unroof the houses and show what went on when the occupants thought themselves withdrawn from any gaze but their own.

It is difficult to analyse the humour of Mr. Anstey or to differentiate it from that of those who have left a permanent

mark on English literature. In Great Britain humour has oftener than not been allied with a certain bitterness, sometimes, as in the case of Dean Swift, deepening into mere savagery. More often it has taken an ironic shape. It did so particularly after the time of Fielding, who showed how ridicule could be poured upon many aspects of life without in any way casting a slur upon the remainder. The irony of Fielding never leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Nor does that of his great successor, Thackeray. It is common to designate him as a cynic, but in reality the scorn of Thackeray was reserved for those persons and subjects of which his judgment disapproved. "The gentle Elia" was playful and never sarcastic, but he lacked the constructionary faculty. His greatest achievement lay in the essay pure and simple, and this form of composition is much easier to master than that of the narrative, especially of the narrative that is humorous without being grotesque. The latter is the great fault of Mr. Anstey's contemporaries. Neither in picture nor in print can many of them succeed in being amusing without piling on the agony. Perhaps that is an after effect of the influence of Charles Dickens in literature. He was a master in the art of producing laughter by extravagance. He scarcely made a pretence of painting with that exactness and moderation which distinguish the master's work. The Dickensian trick is an easy one to copy, and hence he has been followed by a crowd of writers who have imitated the extravagance with which he would seize upon one particular feature of a man and draw that instead of the entire animal. This grotesqueness is altogether different from the grotesqueness of Mr. Anstey. According to the dictionary, it may be defined as grotesque to make a drone bee speak on terms of equality with a man, but that is to be literal in the worst sense. As a matter of fact, Mr. Anstey was dealing only in a very remote manner with the insect. His real subject is the Piccadilly "nut," whom he has drawn with the closeness and fidelity of touch which Jane Austen herself could not have exceeded. No doubt Jane possessed a great deal of his humour, but also far more. She could be as sunny as a June day, but in a biting mood there are few who could cut more keenly. Mr. Anstey neither bites nor stings, but runs on clear as a river over a bed of gravel.

**Incredible Adventures.** by Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan.)

ONE of the most loved of our novelists and tale writers is Algernon Blackwood, whose new book, *Incredible Adventures*, is being so much read, despite the passion for war and war books only. The large number of people who are beginning to read Uncle Paul's stories is significant of a change which, for some years, has been taking place in the cultural life of the nation—the desire for fresh and sincere literature, for true natural religion, for things that children like, for dreams of the impossible things made possible. Readers influence writers in a marvellous way, and our ablest writers are those who are able to catch from day to day the fleeting desires of the people, able to see in the signs of the times the deep desires of the heart. And Blackwood is one of these. He is one of the most sensitive of our writers—he is, perhaps, more quickly aware of atmosphere than any other minister to the spiritual life of to-day. We have for some years been moving forward towards a new era of thought and of religion. Literature, on the eve of the war, was just emerging from sickness and death. War came like sudden winter, covering with snow and ice a wet autumn. Little is appearing just now—all sleeps under the snow, but when spring comes we shall see the life that has been



silently developing during the months of death and silence. Blackwood's tales are like violets of Bartholomew-tide that bloomed late and will bloom again so early. How we shall cherish the first flowers after the war! Let us hope in passing that the war means death without resurrection to the American influence in our literature, to the Wilde cult in literature, to the psychology-of-woman type of novel, to eugenical romances from the far West, and to the bad plays with good morals at the end. In the hour of our national stress it is, to a great extent, our young people who are saving us, and yet our literature has shamefully neglected the young men. They need the expression of true religion and the painting of nature in beauty and storm. They need helps to give the lie to convention, to commercial standards, college standards; something to give affirmation to the truth they are afraid of, the truth in themselves. They need to find their own everlasting yea, and having found it, to consecrate it. The war does actually mean "Good-bye Piccadilly, good-bye Leicester Square!" It means good-bye to the shameful and the mean, the conventional and the half-truth. It means—Hail to the Ideal! It means—to find the hard road of the hill under the feet—Reality. It means to see ahead of us the true horizon. Mr. Blackwood's books are all about regeneration, finding a voice for the soul, finding an ear to hear everywhere the music of the soul. He loves all real things, loves first the earth out of which we all come and to which somehow or other we must all in time get back, loves the winds and the storms, loves the elements of fire and water and air, and understands why they are really elements, loves the great liturgy of beauty, the pageants, the symbolisms, the rituals of Nature. He is a great writer, but readers are his sun, and their love is the light that brings forth his writings. Condition him, O readers, and make him bring forth more abundantly, even more beautifully.

**On the Trail of the Opium Poppy**, by Sir Alexander Hosie, M.A., etc., Two Vols. (George Philip and Son.)

IF you make a journey in the interior of China, you cannot go by train, because there is no railway. In some parts you can sail in a junk along the rivers, but you will mostly travel in a litter carried by men. You will have a considerable train of bearers and porters, under a headman, with mules to carry your bedding, food and other necessities. You will travel twenty to thirty miles a day, through valleys cultivated like a garden and filled with every conceivable crop, except, apparently, tea; past rivers, where irrigation-wheels of bamboo turn continually and men sit in boats, fishing with cormorants; up and down hills covered with scarlet rhododendrons or stately trees—elms, oaks, alders, cypresses, tulip trees and many others less familiar to your eyes. When you halt to eat you will sit under a tree; and, if you like to be the cynosure of every eye, you will certainly be that in a Chinese village. It will sometimes be very hot, but you will get abundance of pummeles and loquats to quench your thirst. All along the road you will meet countless ponies and pedlars, some of whom carry the strangest merchandise, such as swallows' nests to make soup for Chinese *gourmets*, and dried armadillo skins to heal their diseases. At intervals you will pass under a row of stately stone arches, erected "to commemorate the virtue and chastity of departed widows," and then you will come to a great walled city which may contain some hundred thousand inhabitants. What could sound more enchanting than such a journey? But there are drawbacks even to Chinese travelling. The roads are often bad and the rains heavy; and even if the day is delightful, the habits of the Chinese—surely the dirtiest nation on earth, as the Japanese are the cleanest—make the nights terrible; the smells in the inns are appalling, and vermin swarm and bite unmercifully. Such were the journeys described here by Sir Alexander Hosie. When the Chinese Government began a campaign against opium in 1906, they appealed to the British Government to help them by forbidding the exportation of the drug from India. Our Government agreed to limit this trade and stop it by degrees, on condition that China did her part in discouraging the native production. As there was some doubt whether the condition was being fulfilled, Sir Alexander Hosie was sent on a mission to inspect those provinces of China where the opium poppy had formerly been the chief crop; and these volumes are an expansion of the diary which he wrote up nightly in spite of the smells and fleas of his inns. He was exceptionally well fitted for such a mission: he had lived thirty-five years in China, had been Consul-General there, and knew the language and people as few Europeans know them. The narrative is well told; but we think that, though the topographer may be grateful, the general reader will find the points of the compass mentioned more often than he needs. An appendix gives a full account of the negotiations between the Wai Wu Pu (or Foreign Office) and the British Government, and includes the delightful proposals framed by the Cheng Wu Ch'u (or Government Council) for the suppression of opium smoking. These journeys made it clear that the Chinese were, on the whole, performing their part of the bargain: the beautiful white poppy was seldom seen where it had once covered the ground. The two volumes, which are adorned with photographs and maps, contain a great deal of interesting detail about the country and the people. While you read them you can fancy, without enduring the smells and the vermin, that you see the cormorants fishing in the rivers and the porters passing with loads of birds' nests and dried armadillo skins.

**Dorothea**, by Maarten Maartens. (Constable, 1914.)

IT would be a real loss to anybody to stop reading this novel because of the sentimentality of the first chapter. In this chapter Mr. Maartens describes his Dorothea getting up on her birthday morning "with her fair hair in a flood about her shoulders," and looking at the picture of her mother, who died on the day on which she was born. Here, I fear, the impatient reader will begin to exclaim, "I cannot, cannot go on reading anything so sentimental"; but if he will only persevere he will discover that Mr. Maartens' sentimentality is not in the least of the Marie-Corellian type, which the reader rightly dislikes, but of a distinguished and individual brand of his own, and at the end he will say with gratitude and pleasure that *Dorothea* is a very good book. It is difficult to say shortly why the book is so good without making it sound as if it was also difficult to read (and it is really very

easy), but it seems to be because Mr. Maartens has a mellowed and consistent philosophy of life. He does not in the least set out to thump particular moral doctrines into (or out of) his readers; but his view of life, aristocratic, friendly, humorous and spiritual in a simple way, naturally colours his entire work and makes of its rambling length one lovable whole. The book tells how Dorothea is brought up in Holland by her two maiden aunts—who are country aristocrats—in an absolute innocence and clean puritan simplicity; and how, when she goes out into the world and, to her astonishment, meets dishonesty and ugliness and evil, she manages to struggle through these, keeping an innocence which is no longer ignorance, and finally reaching a righteousness which is too profound to allow her to be any more just blindly "shocked," like the aunts at Brodryck. Mr. Maartens evidently really knows intimately the Dutch country society which he describes, just as he knows about the spacious and Spartan childhood of his Prussian hero, Egon von Roden, and about the dissipated, tyrannical old uncle, Count Roden-Rheyna, and about Bathildes, the maiden aunt. I have been told by a friend who once lived among such people that it set her remembering about them all night. Egon von Roden himself, when his lameness was cured, as the book tells, might well have become the commander of the Emden; and I think Mr. Maartens would probably be glad to remind us that, in spite of everything, there are still many Egons on the other side whom we can both fight and honour.

**The Rise of Jennie Cushing**, by Mary S. Watts. (Macmillan.)

IF it be right to judge a writer by his or her best work and a novel by its best scenes, then *The Rise of Jennie Cushing* and its American author should rank very high indeed. The early scenes in the poorer parts of Cincinnati with Jennie, a little fierce, wild child at the head of a little troop of slum children, are perfectly admirable. So is the description of old Mrs. Doane, the kindly, foolish, talkative old farmer's wife in Ohio, and so for that matter are many other little scenes and characters scattered up and down through the pages of the book. But there are, it cannot be denied, too many pages; the author seems to lose her grip of the story, and Donelson Meigs, the rich, young artist, who is her hero and on whom she has lavished much pains, strikes us as not only unattractive, but uninteresting. So the book ends by disappointing us. Nevertheless, the author's name is one to be made a note of, and her next book one to be embarked on hopefully, for her best work is "the real thing."

**The Prussian Officer**, by D. H. Lawrence. (Duckworth.)

AT a time when militarism is in the air the title of this collection of short stories is somewhat misleading. Mr. D. H. Lawrence is not a fighter, nor are the two soldier tales included in this dozen marked by an excess of the warrior spirit. Rather they are concerned with a clever analysis of two qualities; in the first case, *The Prussian Officer*, hatred is the theme on which a not altogether convincing tale is hung; in the second, natural cowardice plays its part in the intimate—and unnecessarily crude—physical description of an episode in a young soldier's life. For the rest there is far better work in the volume, such as "The White Stocking," where the strength and weakness of a woman is almost cruelly dissected, and "Odour of Chrysanthemums," a piece of harsh realism that grips the heart in its poignant tragedy, its artistic restraint and completeness. The author of these stories has been at no pains, however, to curb a marring sensual note which defaces most of the tales; this is a pity, since he is a writer of high imaginative quality and has unusual powers of insight and penetration, as admirers of "Sons and Lovers" and "The White Peacock" will recollect.

**Lockett's Lea**, by Sibell Vansittart. (Edward Arnold.)

THOUGH described as a study in heredity, the tale of Manon Lorissimar derives little interest viewed from that standpoint. Its attraction is to be found in side characters and issues rather than in the main theme and principal actors. A suggestion of Wuthering Heights pervades the household at Lockett's Lea; this makes for unfair comparison. Yet the character of its virtual master, Eustace Evenden, promises better work from his creator than is contained in the present novel, a first one. Descriptions of Stottley, of Lockett's Lea, and of the neighbourhood read as if the author had some actual spot in her mind; and here, it may be said, she is at her best. Obviously for the present she would do well to write of what she has herself actually seen or experienced. Her conversations are often stilted and even pedantic, while the temptation to allow the language of the narrative to reach a high-flown character that alienates sympathy has not been sternly curbed. A first novel of some promise.

**Forty Years On The Stage**, by J. H. Barnes. (Chapman and Hall.)

IT is with a little natural trepidation that we embark on a fresh book of theatrical reminiscences. There has been, as Mr. Barnes himself admits, such a plentiful crop of them in the last few years. It may be said at once, however, that he has been quite justified in adding another. In a career not lacking in interest or distinction he has met many interesting and distinguished people, and he writes very entertainingly about them. But Mr. Barnes is not merely a retailer of amusing stories; he has, to an extent which he himself does not perhaps fully appreciate, a very definite message. He stands self-confessed before us, an honest, unflinching praiser of the past, and there is something warming to the heart in this attitude so sturdily and modestly maintained. We like him emphatically all the better for it. To readers of a younger generation there is something pleasantly reminiscent of Mr. Crummles' day in the facts that Mr. Barnes joined his first company at Scarborough as "first walking gentleman," and that when he left the Wyndhams' Stock Company at Edinburgh he took a farewell benefit, played Claude Melnotte amid great enthusiasm and made a farewell speech. It was only three years from his first appearance that he went to America as leading man to Miss Neilson, and from that time he has always been acting in good company, so that he has, at any rate, plenty of material for criticism. He is not ungenerous to some of the moderns, but his highest praises are all reserved for those whom he knew in the early or middle parts of his career. His idol is Phelps. "I have never seen such an actor," he says. "I am also

more than ordinarily familiar with stage history, and I can find no record of such an actor. . . . All these (Kean, Forrest, Garrick and Kemble) have left reputations in one, two, three or even six parts, but Phelps' reputation rests on sixty and more." He is almost equally positive about actresses. "Mrs. Kendall" he thinks, "is by all odds the best actress that the English stage has produced in my generation." Another of his great enthusiasms is for Mrs. John Wood. "I could name more than one actress to-day, earning a large salary, whose position is due entirely to as good an imitation as she can give of Mrs. John Wood." But it must not be thought that Mr. Barnes merely lays down his opinions. We have only quoted some of his most determined ones because we so enjoy his honest fervour. He gives plenty of details and reasons in his criticism, and, altogether, has written a thoroughly agreeable book. It is marred only by a tendency towards ancient phrases in inverted commas, but that is a weakness from which, for some inscrutable reason, scarcely any writer of reminiscences is free.

**Fetters of the Past**, by Helen Colebrooke. (John Murray.)

THERE is a mingling of the every-day and the sensational in Miss Helen Colebrooke's study of a woman's life on which a temporary illusion has left its sinister heritage. This is not so much an impossible plot—such men as Philip Campbell have existed—as a plot that does not escape the melodramatic, for the obvious reason that the author is not a sufficiently delicate psychologist to grapple with the matter. As it is, those who enjoy a steady-going tale, dealing, in a self-contained manner, with a criminal situation and making no fuss about it, should settle down with *Fetters of the Past*, and not part with the volume until they have solved the mystery of Eva Robertson's widowhood and the identity of Philip Campbell, an inopportune acquaintance, who steps into her life at the crucial moment when she is thinking of remarriage. The book is well worth reading.

## THE FLOODS AT SALISBURY.

**L**AST week something was said in these pages about the extraordinary inconvenience caused to farming by the floods. To-day we show photographs to illustrate the state of things prevailing at Salisbury.

It would appear that the season 1914-15 is struggling to establish an absolute record for moisture. The stories from the Thames Valley are appalling. It would almost seem that everything done to mitigate the consequences of floods has been in vain. Valleys are turned into lakes, houses and summer residences are flooded. People have to get about in boats where previously they walked. In some places gardens are so completely submerged that not a stump of vegetation appears above the surface. Yet it may be doubtful if the state of the Thames Valley is as bad as that at Salisbury. Unfortunately, there the rain has attacked the most beautiful and highly treasured portions. Everybody knows the famous Close and the air that it generally wears of sequestered peace and beauty. To look at its houses is to envy those who have the happiness to dwell in its seclusion. But that was in ordinary summer-time. To-day the waste of water has spread over the depressions and a violent stream boils and bubbles down the Close in front of the houses and pours into them. The Cathedral itself



H. C. Messer.

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### THE WEST FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL.

has not escaped. The flood has swept into it, and we can only hope that no serious damage has been done. Old men say they have seen nothing like this for thirty years. The Thames flood of 1903 appears to have been a little higher, but we have to go back to 1821 to find a parallel. That is to say, the flood, except for that of 1903, is the greatest for ninety-four years. On previous occasions it seems to have been concentrated more on the Thames Valley than it was this year, for we doubt if Salisbury has ever been subject to so great an inundation. The conditions of things must suggest what our soldiers have had to put up with in Flanders, for the season has partaken exactly of the same character

on the Continent as here. There is scarcely a letter home from officer or private that does not contain some vivid reference to the soaking rain and the fearful mud which results from operating under it. In fact, it is very evident that the work of both armies has to a great extent been hindered by water. At home the consequences have not been so important, and yet they are in all conscience sad enough. The work of the husbandman in many places has been completely undone, and the only consolation remaining to him is that the occurrence took place in the heart of winter, so that it may be possible to resow in the spring those winter crops which have been utterly ruined. The discomfort of those whose houses were invaded by water is a small thing compared to the injury done to the food crops. Were this irreparable, as we think it is not, the injury to the country would be grave indeed.



H. C. Messer.

### THE BACK OF THE WARDROBE IN THE CLOSE.

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## GERMAN "KULTUR" IN CARTOONS.

WITH the opening of an exhibition of Mr. Will Dyson's war cartoons at the Leicester Galleries comes the news of the death of Professor Anton von Werner in Berlin. Upon first thoughts there may not seem much reason for mentioning them together, and each artist would

forty-four years ago. A veritable drill-master of art, his pictures have the precision of a barrack-room orderly. Who



"ALONE WITH HIS GOD."

undoubtedly have been equally disgusted with the work of the other. But there is no incongruity in linking their names, for they both approach the same subject, though from vastly different points of view. Anton von Werner was the official artistic commemorator of the Prussian militarism against which Mr. Dyson slings his deadliest shafts of ridicule. Von Werner chronicled in a hard, nerveless and essentially Prussian fashion the historical scenes of the birth of Prussian militarism some



POLITICAL STRATEGY.

GERMAN PROFESSOR: "Impute the vilest discoverable motives to your enemy—then, my children, discover some viler ones to act upon yourself!"

does not know the "Capitulation of Sedan," the "Proclamation of the German Empire at Versailles," the "Moltke Before Paris." Every patriotic German household possesses at least one of these conscientious productions in chromo-lithography. Doubtless his pupils at the Berlin Academy were sharpening their pencils four months ago in anticipation of the

State commissions for modern variants of the same inviting theme. Their opportunity is never likely to arrive. Von Werner and all his school belong to the past. Mr. Will Dyson and his cartoons reveal a world struggling to free itself from the Prussian vampires. His powerful satires upon Teutonic "kultur" will be much appreciated by that section of humanity which has not yet been dragooned into the



IN THE BAZAAR.

"They say, oh, Ali Agah, that the Sultan of the Germans hath become a follower of the Mahomet—" "Ah, al-Faras, I have heard even more wondrous things than that. I have even heard he hath become a follower of the Nazarene."





THE CROWN PRINCE: "But conditions, illustrious kinsman, were different when you ruled Prussia." FREDERICK THE GREAT: "My child, I still rule Prussia!"

belief that what the Kaiser does is always right. There have been many cartoons dealing with the war, but few of them, either in England or on the Continent, come near to the extraordinary high pitch of these drawings, either in intensity of idea or brilliancy of artistic execution. Art cannot flourish in war time, and the nervous strain, which the artist must necessarily share with his fellows, is



SHADE OF BISMARCK.

"Ah, my dear Moltke, he is succeeding in spreading terror—in the wrong direction!"

naturally crippling to all creative effort. Many clever draughtsmen have been producing exceedingly feeble cartoons. Mr. Dyson is a notable exception. He is an Australian, and belongs to a younger stock. Nerves do not

trouble him. His imagination and critical insight are as keen and self-possessed as in the days before the war when he found the capitalist fair game, and hugged the belief that the children of the poor were always under the heel of the oppressor.

Mr. Dyson finds German officialdom fat and short of breath, goose-marching towards a millennium which will be found somewhere in the neighbourhood of Potsdam. His professors are delightful. Modern science, amid his test tubes, cordially shakes hands with a beetle-faced tree dweller who has swung himself across the centuries from the Stone Age. "Together, my dear Herr Cavedweller," cries the German scientist, "we should be irresistible!" Then we have Herr Professor addressing a crowded lecture hall packed with the youthful intellect of Prussia. "Impute the vilest discoverable motives to your enemy—then, my children, discover some viler ones to act upon yourself!" The pupils knew their lesson. Mr. Dyson sketches a commander dictating his despatch. "Two-thirds of our task of terrorising the men, the women and the children of Belgium is already completed—we have only to include the men!"

This is a war to save German culture. Three "minor" Germans, Goethe, Beethoven and Wagner, bow down and worship the master of Essen. "Hail, Saviour Krupp! How can we ever thank thee?" In the words of a Prussian Guard who, wishing to protect an allegorical "Kultur," asks that lady rather roughly to fetch his great coat and helmet: "Am I not about to cut the throats of Europe to show how much I respect you!"

These cartoons meet the occasion because they attack the foul spirit with a vigour which has been absent from English political satire for over a century. From "H. B.," who flourished after the death of George III, to the present day, our caricaturists have been desperately anxious not to offend. Before Waterloo, Rowlandson, and the many lesser men who worked for the printsellers, attacked the menace of Napoleon with a passionate enthusiasm which it is most refreshing to find revived. Kid gloves are not being worn on the other side of the Rhine, and Mr. Dyson fights with bare fists. Artistically, his gifts are great. Several of these drawings might have been inspired by Edgar Allan Poe for weirdness of conception. Cholera, a grim nightmare, surveys the combatants. "Presumptuous mortals, do they aspire to be earth's sole surviving plague?" "Circe," a grandiose idea, is not quite so successful in execution. "Alone with his God" represents the head of the Hohenzollerns on his knees before a gigantic idol which is no other than a distorted reproduction of himself.

In a lighter spirit Mr. Dyson deals with the Crown Prince, and it is interesting to compare his treatment with the rougher but not less effective sketches of "Little Willie," by Mr. W. K. Haselden. He, too, can draw Bismarck and Moltke with a rare craftsmanship which not even the professors of the Berlin Academy can deny. But he does not give us the stolid figures of von Werner dictating the terms of surrender at Sedan. In their stead we have two uneasy ghosts watching a stream of fugitives from East Prussia pressing along the road to Berlin. "Ah, my dear Moltke," sighs the statesman who founded the German Empire. "He is succeeding in spreading terror—in the wrong direction." H. S.

## IN ELIZABETHAN VEIN.

[After Sir John Salusbury (1566-1612).]

Euer the hand of tyme doth steal awaye  
Lyfe's choicest giftes, saue loue & loue alone;  
Loue liueth not in this brief mortal daie,  
All tyme is hys, till tyme ytt selfe be donne.

For you (my Sweete) sure tyme will neuer dare  
Oppresse with weight of yeares such plenteous grace,  
Undoe hys worke that ys soe wondrous fayre,  
Lest he shoulde neuermore the pattern trace.  
Kisse but the silken border of her gowne,  
Engraued not on her brow thy furrowed frowne,  
Spare her O Tyme, or els resigne thy crowne.

Reade in these lynes, sweete Nymph, my sore distresse,  
Of all my thoughts here shall you finde the scope  
Both of my harte & of its tendernesce,  
Except you smile what neede have I for hope?  
Reuiue my douleful harte; be mine the prize  
To finde a crowne of praise within your eies  
Soe shall my muse your name ay coronize.

FINIS.

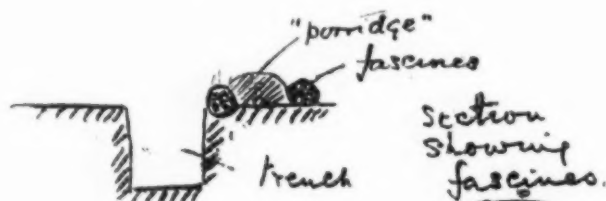
R. D. R.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

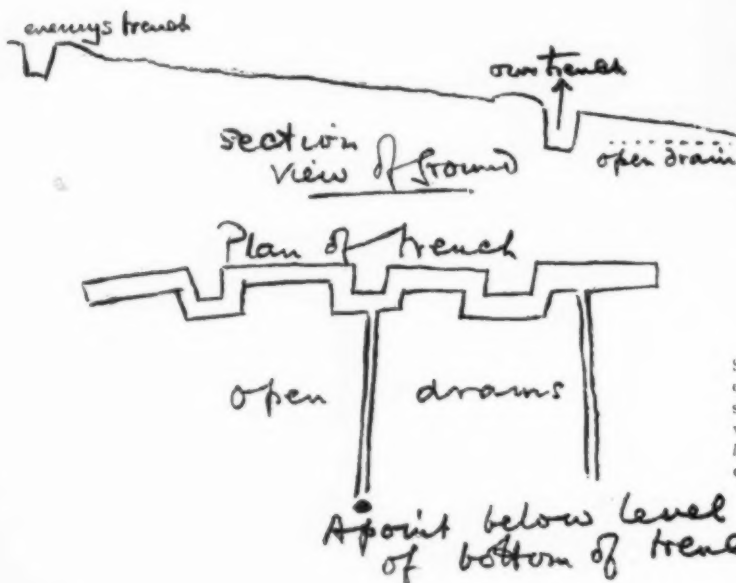
FROM A SUBALTERN.

This graphic description of trench fighting was sent by a "COUNTRY LIFE" Reader at the front:

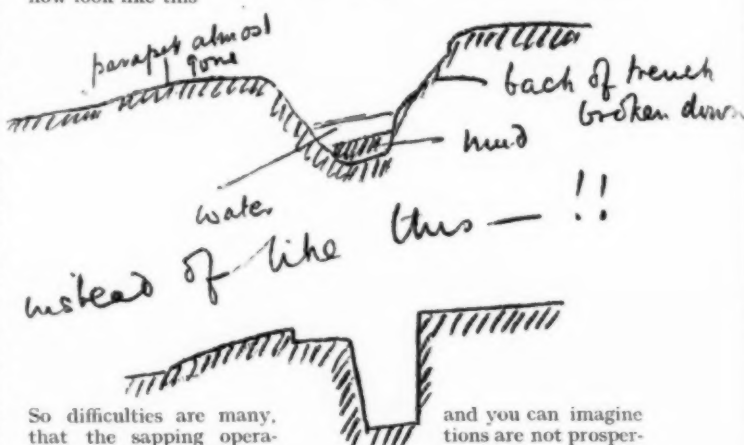
We are still in our old place; it seems hardly possible that we came here on November 21st; time flies so fast even though events move so slowly. It is glorious the way I lose count of the days. Doesn't it seem a hundred years since those days at Cambridge, when we were all praying to be out here? I still grudge having missed that Mons show in spite of all its terrors. There is little to tell you; we are fighting the elements at present more than the Germans, and the only consolation is that they are likewise wet and miserable, more so, probably, than we, who are at least so much nearer home and better looked after generally. The weather must be my chief item of news, though I fear my constant repetition of the word "mud" must be getting a bit stale to you. It is truly awful, but I suppose to be expected at this time of year. It will rain, as I've only seen it rain in the West of Ireland, the whole of one day, then the rain will change to snow accompanied by a gale, and finally frost, which leaves the unfortunate and mangled roads in an impassable state for horse traffic. Luckily the old "lorries" don't mind much and go thundering along as usual. As soon as the frost has really got going the rain will start again as badly as ever, with another howling gale, and so it goes on—the results are dire in the extreme. The country has been waterlogged for some time, and now that the poor ground can hold no more the water gradually rises in the trenches, in spite of every ruse taught us by this modern warfare. Our present line of trenches runs, for the most part, over plough land, sometimes following a hedge or ditch, sometimes not, and so bad is the condition of the ground that the simplest form of digging is becoming a matter worthy of the attention of the most skilled of engineers; for even the ever-prepared Germans I don't think are armed with a shovel shaped like a big spoon, which is the only type of weapon at present suitable, for good solid earth is a thing of the past, and a form of khaki porridge is now the stuff our men live in. One of the most dangerous results is that the parapets, which are made 4ft. thick so as to keep out bullets, and over or through which (loopholes) our men shoot, are no longer bullet proof, for the earth is now mud and the parapets are, in many places, almost non-existent, having become spread out like jam on a plate. Of course, there are many ways of overcoming this—sandbags filled with the mud or stones more or less keep their solidity, and brushwood fascines can be so arranged as to hold up the "porridge"—to a certain extent; but it's slow work,



especially as it has to be done chiefly at night, owing to "snipers," who are, in many cases, only 50yds. off, and at most 300yds. Of course, in some parts of our line the trenches are dug on a slope and then, if drains are dug down the slope from the trench till the outlets are below the level of the bottom of the trench, all is more or less well, if the constant falling in of the walls of the drains is dealt with constantly and the flow kept up. But



in most cases the ground is level, or almost so, and then drains are naturally useless, and the men have to revert to the primitive art of baling the water out with tins, etc.—a slow job, as the water keeps on pouring back again and, as a rule, gains ground. We have tried all sorts of plans—brushwood to make a firm bottom to the trench (for in places a man will go in up to his waist in the mud), but this lasts but a few hours before being sucked into the bog. Sacks filled with straw share the same fate; timber flooring is impossible, for one can get nothing solid to build a floor on; the walls of the trench are no longer strong enough to support anything and, in many cases, trenches now look like this



So difficulties are many, that the sapping operating much, the average rate about 6in. an hour, which, means that we shan't get distance of the German lines till about next Christmas! if we aren't drowned before then. We have, however, found a fairly satisfactory way of keeping men dry in the trenches, and it's simple: if water must be in a trench and if feet must be kept dry, then the feet must be waterproof. Gum boots are more or less impossible, as these are not sufficient, and they would wear out so quickly, therefore every beer barrel for miles round has been bought up and they are sawn in half and a little seat nailed across the top. In these the men stand or sit, and the water can do its worst, for nothing is so waterproof as a good barrel; so if you can imagine things well and can draw a bit, there ought to be shortly a good picture in COUNTRY LIFE of our mud covered, unkempt men paddling along and around their trench for all the world like boys on a pond. To such sport has this war brought us! Imagine the feelings of a warrior whose sailor ancestor was a long way back and who upset his craft!—B.

[Behold our artist's attempt at the picture.—Ed.]



HOW TO KEEP YOUR FEET DRY.

### THE DISABLED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The leading article in COUNTRY LIFE for January 9th raises a question of great interest and importance—the employment of partially disabled soldiers when they are released from hospital. It contains one or two valuable suggestions, viz., the opportunity offered by poultry farming, by *la petite culture* (under which might be included intensive culture), and also one quite necessary caution, viz., that the co-operation and goodwill of Trades Unions should be secured for such schemes as would bring the partially disabled soldiers into any competition with the industries that they, in part, control. The need for organisation is also emphasised, and it is not to be doubted that useful hints as to the employment of variously

crippled men will be contributed by correspondents. But I should like to point out that the most valuable suggestions are likely to be obtained by those who have had previous special experience with men suffering from the various disabilities. An instance only a little less remarkable than Mr. Fawcett's (which the "leader" cites), of the useful activity of a blind man, is that of Major Towse, V.C., who lost the sight of both eyes in the Boer War. He has, none the less, done good work since, and though it is not likely that the ordinary soldier, similarly afflicted, would be capable of the same kind of usefulness, still it is certain that Major Towse has given much thought to the possible opportunities of a blind soldier, and an application to him would be nearly certain to elicit valuable hints. Deafness would not prevent a man's employment in most agricultural callings, but the soldier does not at all readily "go back to the land." There is abundant evidence from the past of that reluctance. The carrying of golf clubs is a trade more to his fancy, and we may imagine that committees would be glad to give such employment to a crippled soldier rather than to others. Taylor, the old one-armed caddie at St. Andrews, proved that the lost limb was no disability in that profession. There are several institutions already in existence in London which send out old soldiers and sailors to do "odd man's" work for two hours or so in the morning in houses, but the Incorporated Soldiers and Sailors' Help Society, with its Disabled Soldiers and Sailors' Workrooms Branch at 122, Brompton Road, has the widest connection, the largest organisation—extending all over the country—of all the associations which are working to this common end; and it is under the patronage of Their Majesties the King and Queen. It is in close touch with the War Office, so that all cases which it can deal with come at once to its notice, and it is this society which seems likely to deal most effectively with this urgent problem.

—G. M.

#### AN ITALIAN CAVALRY REGIMENT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of Italian Lancers entering the "Porta Camollia" at Siena, which you may like to publish in COUNTRY LIFE.—WALTER J. CLUTTERBUCK.

#### SCRAPIE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Going round the Royal Veterinary College in Camden Town last summer inspecting the numerous animals of all kinds that were under observation, I was much interested in some sheep suffering from a disease known as scrapie. This was entirely new to me, for, although brought up on a Midland farm upon which the flocks on an average numbered about a thousand head, I can never recall seeing a case before or hearing the term used. Speaking entirely from memory, some months after the occasion, I am under the impression that Sir John McFaydean told me the complaint prevailed most in Scotland, but perhaps I may be wrong in saying so. Anyhow, glancing through the second volume of "A System of Veterinary Medicine," edited by Professor Wallis Hoare, I was interested to come across a short chapter on the subject, written by Mr. G. Mayall, from which I gather that it was known in this country as far back as 1732. The eccentric behaviour of affected sheep was described by Sir Stewart Stockman two years ago in an address to North Country agriculturists. In the first stage, which lasts about three weeks, the symptoms are intermittent, he said. The sufferer frequently changes its position, separating itself from the others. It eats as usual, but will sometimes drink a large amount of water, if available. It often ruminates in the upright position, holding the head high. The pupil of the eye becomes dilated and the look fixed. In the second stage the scrapie sheep often turns about in an excited fashion, then trots away in front, lifting the fore feet high. In a loose box jerky movements of the ear, eyelids, muscles of the lips, shoulders and thighs are noticeable. If chased the animal may suddenly fall down, lie for a few minutes, and then get up again. This stage is prolonged to about the sixth week, after which itching begins along the back to the root of the tail, extending to sides, shoulders and limbs. Towards the end it appears almost demented by the irritation. The whole duration of the disease may be from three to four months. Sir Stewart Stockman believes it to be contagious. On the other hand, Mr. Gowan, who I presume is the well known Edinburgh bacteriologist, differs from this view. He attributes the cause to heavy infection with a protozoan parasite, and he recommends an entire change of stock in

affected flocks. A tup that has been used for scrapie ewes should be destroyed. At present no remedy has been discovered.—A. C. S.

[Our correspondent will find an article on "Scrapie and 'Loupin' Ill" in our issue of January 25th, 1913. The initials by which it is signed are "J. R.," those, it is almost needless to say, of Professor Ritchie of Edinburgh.—Ed.]

#### FOOD OF CHILDREN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The food and feeding of children is truly a great subject, and while "O. M." agrees with "Senex," his researches into the subject do not reveal anything new; they more than confirm the old. Some of the new foods are "not a patch on" any of the old, such as the various dumplings, the hasty puddings of flour, oatmeal, well "creed" wheat done up as "frumity," the bread or oatcake and "seam," as the rendering of pig's fat was called, the pasties of all kinds of fruit in season, in turn, and the various pies, from bacon and potatoes to pies of scrag-end meat and potatoes, or the "medley" made pies, at which no child, unless it was ailing, ever turned up its nose. But children never ailed except with measles, which they liked because of the "molly codlin'," and bits of fever, which were "fended" with camomile tea or Turkey rhubarb. In villages children were reared on plain, good food, and "God's fresh air." If a child could run about, it "never ailed nowt."—SENEX, B.

#### "LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am preparing a book on "Memorials and Monuments," with reference

mainly to the æsthetic side of the question, but also to the inscriptions in which we seek to do honour to those who have gone. Memorial design in England during the last fifty years has not done us great credit, but on the epigraphic side the feebleness has been even more marked, as anyone may know who has seen many of the monuments, small and great, set up after the South African War. After the present struggle there will scarcely be a parish church in the kingdom which will lack a record of those "who held not their lives dear," whether they laid them down or returned safe to their homes. For good and inspiring design we must look to architects and sculptors, but it is not their work to provide the matter of inscriptions, which is given to them by those who set up the



AT THE PORTA CAMOLLIA.

memorials. I hope that the classics will not be forgotten. We want the spirit of that "precious tender-hearted scroll of pure Simonides" on a column at Thermopylae:

"To those of Lacadæmon, stranger, tell  
That as their laws commanded, here we fell,"

and of that marching strain of Callistratus in honour of Harmodius and Aristogeiton:

"I'll wreath my sword in myrtle bough."

Among the moderns, none has done more finely than Sir Henry Newbolt on the memorial to the Old Cliftonians who fell in South Africa:

"Clifton, remember these thy sons who fell  
Fighting far over sea  
For they in a dark hour remembered well  
Their warfare learned of thee."

When Arthur Hallam died, the historian set on his son's grave a long inscription, in a dignified manner reminiscent of the eighteenth century. When the father followed him, Tennyson wrote his epitaph: "Here rests Henry Hallam the Historian," and the present Lord Tennyson's comment is that the poet "thought the simpler the epitaph the better it would become the simple and noble man." The essence of successful epigraphy is terseness, and the present war, with its new and strange heroisms of land and sea and air, demands the spirit of William Collins in his ode:

"Here sleep the Brave, who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest."

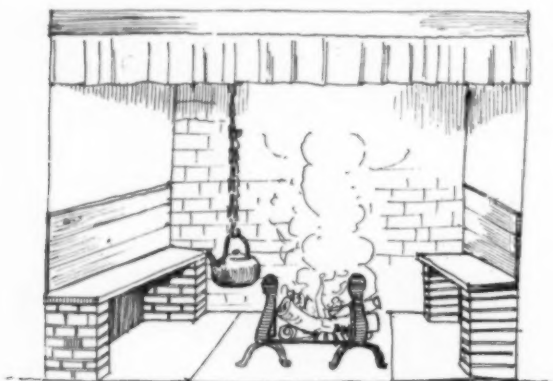
Doubtless many readers of COUNTRY LIFE can give apt matter for inscriptions taken from treasures new and old.—LAWRENCE WEAVER.



## A SMOKING FIREPLACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

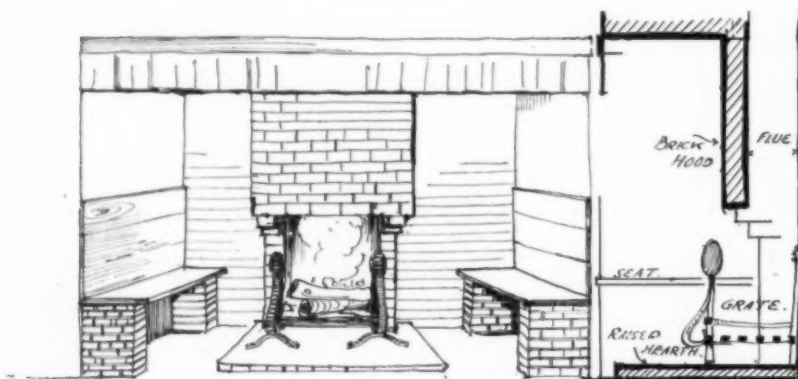
SIR,—I shall be greatly obliged if you or any of your readers could suggest a means whereby I could stop a large open fireplace from smoking. This



OUR CORRESPONDENT'S FIREPLACE.

fireplace is an open one, like those in old farmhouses. The fire is on the hearth, with dogs. We burn entirely wood and turf—no coal. I enclose a rough sketch. The measurements are: Opening, 7ft. 6in. wide, 5ft. high; front to back, 3ft. The chimney itself is 14in. square. The fire smokes so badly that we have to live with the room door (and often the back door of the house) open, and that will not always stop it. It is impossible to say what wind makes it worst, for it can smoke in all winds. The house stands high, and has no trees near, and is not at all shut in. I have tried several so-called "cures"—raising the whole hearth the height of a brick above the floor level, also a lobster-back cowl, also an everlastingly revolving chimney pot, also a big slate over-top of chimney to try and stop down-draught. Some of these did harm, some had no effect. I should be grateful for an early reply in your paper, which I read every week with the greatest pleasure.—SMOKED OUT.

[Our correspondent seems to have exhausted all the chimney "cures" and must now deal with the fireplace itself. The distance between the hearth and the chimney lintel is too great and must be reduced. A plate glass blower, about twelve inches deep, substituted for his little curtain, would help, but it has a modern air; or a sheet of iron, backed with asbestos, with a piece of old Italian silk hung in front, answers the same purpose. An efficient alternative is a brass wire gauze blind on a spring roller which can be adjusted exactly to suit changing conditions of smoke. When the fire burns clearly it is sprung back out of sight behind the lintel. Still more practical is a canopy over the fire itself. It is best to build it in brick, as our sketch (based on our correspondent's) shows. The purpose is to reduce the area of the flue and thus to stimulate up-draught. It is a good plan to experiment first by piling up bricks dry, and forming the canopy roughly in wood, to see if it is effective. In any case, it is advisable



OUR SUGGESTION FOR IMPROVING IT.

to raise the hearth. Some architects advocate an iron hearth plate for this purpose, and it can be made decorative by casting dates and simple emblems on it.—ED.]

## GERMAN PLACE NAMES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Very comforting and soothing, no doubt, is Mr. Arthur O. Cooke's vision of the hand-shaking and speedy settling down again together of the Germans and ourselves after the war; but that an educated person could seriously write such an effusion in England in January, 1915, is of interest only as affording an example how remote some people are able to live from their environment of human beings. We may take the Prime Minister's famous advice, on another occasion, and "wait and see," but nothing is more sure than that everything has, and will be, changed through this war, in our outlook towards Germany: and no one has realised this in England quicker and more thoroughly than the Germans themselves, who have been

tumbling over one another to change their own names and those of their private houses, their hotels, restaurants and other business undertakings.—J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

## BASKET-MAKING IN PALESTINE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is not generally known that one of the principal industries of the village women of Palestine is basket-making. It has been so for centuries. During harvest time the women may be seen selecting fine straw from the grain piles, which they subsequently weave into straw baskets and trays. The baskets made vary considerably in size and also in shape, for they are used for holding food, corn and clothing. Indeed, in the native homes the



BASKETS FOR SALE.

principal receptacles—the only vessels in some cases—are baskets and pitchers, the latter being used for carrying and storing water. Some of the corn baskets measure three and even four feet in height and are made exceptionally strong. One of the first duties of the peasant woman after her marriage is to weave sufficient receptacles to hold the various household commodities. Hence the future status of a young village girl largely depends upon her ability to weave these creations, while, later, her social standing is governed by the baskets she possesses. Not only do the women make these baskets for their own use, but also for sale. In this case it is the straw trays and smaller baskets that are most in demand. Hence, as soon as the harvest is gathered in, the women turn their attention to basket-making. As they are made, so they are placed in the hot sun to dry. When ready, they are taken to the nearest town and there disposed of. To the Western mind the prices obtained seem ridiculously low, not more than threepence being given for a good size straw tray. But the weavers appear quite satisfied, and every season produce scores of these useful articles.—H. J. S.

## THE FEROCITY OF SPARROW-HAWKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Two or three years ago I was amazed to see a sparrow-hawk attack a couple of rooks on the wing. Failing to strike them, it pursued them into a tree at Newton (near Birmingham), where, after hovering fully five minutes over the tree without drawing its quarry, it flew off (evidently in disgust) in the direction of Great Barr Hall, where it was soon lost to sight in the woods. Since then I have frequently seen sparrow-hawks capture linnets, larks, chaffinches, thrushes and even blackbirds, but until a few days ago I had no idea that rabbits formed part of their larder. Being in the neighbourhood of Barr Beacon, I saw a monster sparrow-hawk fly swiftly from a tree, then suddenly rise in the air and almost as suddenly descend, till within about fifteen feet from the ground, where it lay, or rather poised, in mid-air for a moment or two; then, quick as lightning, swooped to the ground, where I found he had just missed a fine buck rabbit by inches. Is it not very unusual for a hawk to attack an animal as large as a rabbit?—TOM GLOSTER.

[Our correspondent has probably mistaken the hawk, as it is very unlike a sparrow-hawk to attack a rook on the wing, or to soar and stoop at a rabbit.—ED.]